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JERUSALEM AND THE CRUSADES

JERUSALEM AND THE CRUSADES

BY ESTELLE BLYTH

WITH EIGHT PLATES IN COLOUR BY L. D. LUARD
AND A SERIES OF REPRODUCTIONS OF
PICTURES OF HISTORIC INTEREST



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TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER

IN ALL LOVE AND GRATITUDE

St. George's College
Jerusalem.

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JERUSALEM AND THE CRUSADES

CHAPTER I

THE CITY AND THE LAND

"Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessèd Feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter Cross."

SHAKESPEARE.

FAR away from England, in the small, narrow land of Palestine, which is part of the Turkish Empire, there is an ancient walled-in city called Jerusalem. Of course we all know about Jerusalem, because we have read about it in the Bible; but then the Bible does not bring us very far down in the history of the world, and the story of Jerusalem does not end with the Bible story by any means. Some of the strangest and most exciting chapters of her history are those that have happened afterwards; and this book is about one of those periods—perhaps one of the most wonderful of them all.

But before we can begin to build our story, we must have a little patience to gather first all the stones we want, so that they lie ready to our hand; and the first thing to do is to get some idea of how the Holy Land lies with regard to the rest of the world. We know that Palestine is part of the peninsula of Arabia, a narrow strip lying at the top of the bell-shaped peninsula, and stretching down towards Egypt, which is, of course, in Africa. The coast-line is washed by the Mediterranean, and if you run your finger along that blue sea, past Italy, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and up north, leaving Spain and France on your right, to the British Isles, you will see one way of coming to Palestine.

The Holy Land itself is like a road, long and narrow, and that is one reason that, while it has been fairly easy to conquer Palestine, it has been so very hard to keep it. It has long chains of mountains, none of the peaks being very high except Hermon, which wears a beautiful, sparkling crown of snow, and on whose lower slopes nice brown bears are hunted still. Palestine is a very beautiful land indeed, the skies are so blue, and the flowers in spring are so many and so bright. Though it is covered with rocks and stones, the rich red earth between is very good, so that corn and vines and flowers and fruit and vegetables of many kinds grow quite easily, and are generally much larger than in

England, where the sun is not always to be seen. It is a very hot land, too, and in some parts of it the heat in summer is so great that the people can hardly bear it; that is in the low-lying places like Jericho and Tiberias. But up in the mountains and highlands, or by the sea, it is never too hot to be borne. From Christmas time to the middle of February it is generally very cold, with sharp, cutting winds and heavy rain; and snow falls, but not every year. Then from February onwards it grows brighter and warmer every day, until in the summer months—May, June, July, and August, and so on—it is really very hot indeed, and the stone walls become so hot on the outside that they feel quite burning under your hand if you touch them. The air is very clear, and the stars burn like great lamps at night, even when there is a moon; and as for the moon, when it is full the light is so strong that you can read by it. There are no damp, cold fogs. After a few hours of rain, the sun will burst through the angry clouds, turning the silver-green olives into fairy trees hung in diamonds fallen straight out of the rainbow. And there is nothing more lovely than a snowy day, when the ground is all white, with a cloudless blue sky overhead, and sunshine everywhere. There is not a single day, summer or winter, on which the sun does not shine for at least a part of it. In every way it is a most lovely land—there are no words to say how beautiful.

There is not much water in Palestine in the way of rivers and lakes, but there are many springs; and the rain-water is stored up in great, deep cisterns cut out of the rock. Sometimes we use the old cisterns that the Romans made, hundreds of years ago, when they ruled in Palestine: that was long before the Crusaders' days, of course.

In the days of the Crusaders there were many more forests and many more trees than there are now, and wild beasts were common. There are still some — bears, leopards, wolves, jackals, cheetahs, hyenas, and foxes, and so on—but they are not really common. There are also some poisonous snakes, and insects that sting, such as scorpions and centipedes; but the land was so much better covered in the old days that all these things were far more common, and the Crusaders often suffered a good deal from their poisonous stings, not knowing what they were.

Jerusalem itself, the Holy City for whose possession the Crusaders and Saracens fought so fiercely for so many years, is a little walled-in city. It stands upon hills, with valleys running round it on three sides like a very deep moat, and a sharp little valley cuts right through the City from north to south, so that one end of it is much higher than the other. It is surrounded by low, gently-rising hills on all sides, the Mount of Olives being on the due east. In the easternmost corner of the city is

the Dome of the Rock, which is now the Mosque (or place of worship) of the Moslems, who look upon it as one of their greatest treasures. The Rock is the threshing-floor that David bought from Ornan the Jebusite, and on which he offered a sacrifice after the plague was stayed in Jerusalem; and over it Solomon, great David's son, built his wonderful Temple afterwards, and put the Altar of Sacrifice on the Rock. You can still see the holes in the Rock which were made for the feet of the Altar to rest in.

When the Crusaders had Jerusalem, the great Temple Church of the Knights Templars stood here, on this ground, and three of the murderers of Thomas à Becket are buried here, one of them being that Reginald Fitz-Urse who was the chief, and who came to Jerusalem afterwards as a pilgrim because he was so sorry for his wicked deed.

In the middle of the City is a wonderful church —the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is built over the place which many people have believed for centuries to be the real Tomb of Christ. It was to take this Holy Sepulchre that the Crusaders came, and came again, because they thought that no one ought to have it except Christians. Just outside the great door, on the right hand as you go in, is buried an English Crusader, Sir Philip d'Aubigny; his name can still be read on the flat stone covering his grave, though the letters are getting a little faint under the tread of the many feet that pass over it.

Sir Philip d'Aubigny was one of the Barons who signed Magna Charta, and he suffered for it at the hands of the angry King John afterwards. Later on he was for a time tutor to the little King, Henry III, and when he was no longer wanted there, he became a Crusader, and spent fourteen years in the Holy Land, where at last he died, and where he now lies buried.

On the higher ground at the west of the City is the Citadel, called also the Tower of David; and near it is the Upper Room where Christ ate the Last Supper with His disciples, and where, after His Resurrection, the Holy Spirit came upon the twelve Apostles. Under this room is the spot where King David is buried, and a story is still told in Jerusalem of his grave which the Crusaders were told in their day, and which they thoroughly believed. It is that David keeps watch over his own tomb, in which is buried also all his treasure, and if anyone tries to break in to steal, or even to look, such a strong and awful wind beats upon him that he is driven back, terrified almost to death. And David, an old man with long white beard and calm but terrible eyes, sits there in his crown, guarding his treasure until it is wanted—not for any greedy person or nation, but for the good of Jerusalem herself.

And now I shall not have to keep you any longer from the beginning of our story—for a story

it is, all about kings, and knights, and ladies, of sieges and battles, and brave deeds, of towns lost and won—just like any old tale or romance, only much better because it is quite true. Perhaps this will show you (if you have not already found it out for yourself), that history is as good as any tale of romance or faery that ever was written. You will see, too, the many links between our own England with that lovely, far-off land where Christ our Lord once dwelt.

CHAPTER II

THE PILGRIMS

"With naked foot and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go."

SCOTT.

IN the eleventh century after Christ, Jerusalem was in the hands of Mohammedan rulers, to whom also it was a Holy City. There were Christians living in the City, of course, and they had churches and houses, but they had no power at all, and were often badly treated. These Mohammedan governors of Jerusalem and of Palestine were Arabs at one time; that is to say, they were the natives of Arabia, whose ancestors had been the first to follow the Prophet Mohammed, after whom they were called Mohammedans: the word Moslem means the same thing. The Arabs were great warriors, and at first they conquered wherever they went, not only in Syria, but in Spain, in North Africa, and in China, India, and Persia. They were a fine people, generous and not unjust to the Christians over whom they ruled; they were brave, too, and learned in many things. They were great law-

givers, men of science, poets, geographers, doctors, astronomers, and builders. Some of the most beautiful buildings in the world were the work of their clever hands; and the names they gave to some of the stars have never been changed. The Arabs sometimes called themselves Sharkeyan, or Men of the East; but we have changed the name into Saracens, which means exactly the same thing. We must remember this word, for we shall come across it over and over again as we get further into our story.

About two hundred years before the First Crusade there were two great rulers in the world, one in the East and one in the West. Charlemagne in the West ruled over nearly the whole of Europe, and he would have liked to add in Constantinople also, which was part of the great Greek Empire, but he did not succeed in getting so far east. In the East the ruler was that great Haroun al Rasheed, the Khalif of Bagdad, whose name we know so well because he was the Khalif of the *Arabian Nights*. His great kingdom stretched from the borders of India right down to Egypt. He traded with China and with Europe, the chief traders being the Jews of Palestine, who took their rich robes and spices to Spain, while the Venetians and the Genoese in their turn carried their treasures east. Haroun al Rasheed encouraged all kinds of learning in his kingdom, and he loved the companionship of wise and clever men;

he was also brave and just and generous, so that his reign was really a Golden Age for all his great dominions. He sent the keys of Jerusalem to Charlemagne, and invited him to come and rebuild the Christian Churches in Palestine (798), but Charlemagne, though he would have dearly loved to do so, could not leave his own kingdom. These two great men, like a balance, kept the peace of East and West by their friendship for each other: but Haroun al Rasheed died in 809 and Charlemagne in 814, and with their deaths this peace was broken. Charlemagne's people buried him sitting upright in his chair, the Book of the Gospels in his hand, just as Patriarchs are buried still in the East, because they could not bear to lay him down as if his work were done and he had quite gone away from them in an unending sleep.

With the passing of years the Arabs became weaker, and began to lose their hold of the lands they had taken. A young and strong people were rising up, who pushed the Arabs back and back in all directions. These conquerors of the Arabs were a Tartar tribe from the north of Europe, called Turcomans or Turks; they were also Moslems. They were brave fighters as the Arabs were, but they were also a cruel, wild, and restless people. They did not care at all for what are called the gentle arts, architecture, painting, poetry, and music, because they were such a restless race, always want-

ing to be up and doing. They were a people who lived in tents, which they could move easily from place to place, and so of course they did not care for building beautiful houses, and they were far too fond of fighting to care for any quieter pursuits. Neither did learning or trade please them. They cared only for what they could get by conquest, and they despised any life but that of fighting. The Turks overcame the Arab Saracens in Syria, and having gained many battles in Asia Minor, they invaded the Greek Empire. Then they began to draw very near indeed to the borders of the Christian lands in the East, and so to Europe itself. Even the sea did not stop them, for Turkish pirates terrified the coasts of the Mediterranean, and ravaged Asia. And in 1065 they captured Jerusalem from the Egyptian Saracens, who held it at the time.

The new governors of Jerusalem were not as just and kind as the late rulers had been, on the whole; they oppressed the Christians who lived under them, and they were especially unkind to the pilgrims.

Who were the pilgrims?

From all parts of the world people came to visit the holy places in and near Jerusalem,—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, believed to be the place where Christ's Tomb was, the Church built over the Manger at Bethlehem, where He was born, the Mount of Olives from which He ascended to heaven, and many more besides these, all very

sacred because of their connection with Him, and also with the patriarchs and kings and prophets of old. These travellers were called pilgrims (the word means travellers through strange lands), and they came in a long, never-ending stream to visit the Holy Land, but especially Jerusalem. They were a great mixture, and many a strange life-story was hidden under the rough pilgrim dress. For men of all countries and of all classes met here in a common fellowship of purpose. Rich men who had left all that this world could give; strong men coming to pray for the life of wife or child, dearer to them than their own; earnest priests burning with their desire to see the places Christ had seen; brave Knights, perhaps seeking forgiveness for past wrongs done; monks; poor pilgrims who had begged their way out—all these, and many more, pressed eastwards, each with his own burden of sin or sorrow or care to lay down in the Holy City. It was a long and hard journey they had to take, if by sea, in little rocking ships which were the mere toys of the great waters they had to cross, sailing ever in fear of the cruel pirates or sea-robbers, who roamed the seas like wolves in search of prey. Or if they went across the continent it was no more easy or safe, for the parts we now call Germany, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkan States, were then for the most part just wild tracts of land, dark with forests, and torn by great rushing rivers and waterfalls, while the moun-



JERUSALEM PILGRIMS LANDING AT JOPPA, AND PAYING TOLL TO ENTER THE HOLY CITY

From an ancient MS. in the British Museum.



tains were peopled by fierce, savage men, every bit as cruel and as pitiless as the wild beasts who roared through the great forests.

Pilgrims who had made the journey brought back the most wonderful stories of the dangers and adventures they had passed through. They always tried to travel only during the summer months, "for in November, December, and January no vessel can cross the sea because of storms." "Such storms, too!" said the pilgrims, in which there was "no stone or sand at the bottom of the sea that was not moved when the sea raged and raved thus." Then there were perils from great fish, especially one called *Troya Marina*, which would attack small ships, and even big ones if it were very hungry. This monster could sometimes be sent away after it had been well fed with bread, or it might even be frightened off by "a man's angry and terrible face." But if it saw that you were afraid, it just snapped you up in a moment. There was also a fish called a melar, which drove its long, sharp tooth into a ship from below, and shook it as if it had run upon a rock; and a "very truthful sailor" said that there were fish in the sea a mile long. The wonderful stories which the pilgrims told were believed by every one, and no doubt they frightened a good many people from taking such a terrible journey. But even without these large and hungry and bad-tempered fish, the pirates and the storms were enough to face, so

that it really needed plenty of courage and perseverance to be a pilgrim.

And even when they reached Jerusalem, the pilgrims' troubles were not over; for the Saracen governors would not allow any one to enter unless he paid the sum of thirty bezants first, which was a very large sum of money in those days. If a pilgrim could pay, he was allowed to enter by a small gate on the east side of the City called St. Lazarus's Postern (a postern is a small gate), from which he went straight to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, all round which was the Christian quarter. The Saracens would not let the pilgrims enter by any of the chief gates of the City, nor pass through the crowded markets where its business was carried on, for they did not want the pilgrims, who were foreigners, to see and know too much of what was going on in the Holy City.

Now many of the pilgrims had spent all their money on the long journey; others, always poor, had begged their way from place to place. These now stood without the walls, and had nothing to give for their entrance. How cruelly hard for them to have come all this way, through so many dangers, so many hardships, and all for nothing! They could not get in. Sometimes a pilgrim-knight, or a priest from within the city, filled with pity for their trouble, would pay the thirty bezants, and so some poor pilgrim would get in after all; but, of course, there

were many and many who found no one to pay for them, and these unfortunate people had no choice but to stay outside, or even sadly to turn homewards again. It sometimes happened that pilgrims died there, outside the walls, and the bodies of these were thrown out to the jackals, or else carelessly buried in a big common grave in a place called the Potter's Field. The pilgrims liked to die in Jerusalem, and they did not seem to mind the wretched way in which their bodies might be treated afterwards. Many of them used to pray that they might die when they had seen the holy places. "Thou Who hast died for us," they prayed, "and Who art buried in this sacred place, take pity on our misery, and take us from this vale of tears." There is a nice story told of one of the Dukes of Normandy, the father of William the Conqueror, who came to Jerusalem as a pilgrim. He was so sorry for the pilgrims whom he saw waiting outside the walls, and who could not pay to get in, that he gave a large sum of money to the Turkish governor to allow some of them to enter. The Turkish governor was just as generous on his part, for he returned the money to the Duke, and allowed the pilgrims to enter free.

Of course the pilgrims' tales were not all full of horrors and adventures, or very few indeed who heard them would have had the courage or the wish to take the same journey. They described as well

the wonderful cities they had seen on the way, the riches of the East, the holy places, and the beauty of the Holy Land itself. "Now you must know that, as a matter of fact, the whole of the Holy Land was, and is at this day, the best of all lands," wrote a monk who lived upon Mount Zion; and the pilgrims would tell, as this monk did, of the "wild boars, roes, harts, partridges, and quails which were so plentiful that it was a wonder to see them . . . the lions and bears, and different wild beasts, the camels and the dromedaries, stags, gazelles, and buffaloes. In short, there are all the good things in the world, and the land flows with milk and honey." There was this side of the picture to tempt others out to Palestine, as well as the terrible tales of the sufferings the pilgrims had to undergo, and with which they tried to rouse the people of Europe to avenge them, and to put a stop to the many cruel things that were done in Palestine.

But Europe was much too busy with its own wars and other affairs, and for a long time it paid no attention to these complaints. It seemed as if things would go on for ever like this, only getting worse, for no one would listen or help, and the pilgrims, as we have seen, were quite unable to help themselves. But it is always darkest before dawn, and already the clouds were beginning to break, and the light of coming help to shine through.

was past,

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST CRUSADE, 1096–1099

"The burning eye, the swarthy beard,
The glittering arms with gems inlaid,
The starry swords the Paynims feared,
The glory of the first crusade."

JOHN DAVIDSON.

"These were the great who triumphed easily,
In thought and glance, in word and deed supreme."

JOHN DAVIDSON.

AMONG the pilgrims who returned to tell the story of his trials and hardships and adventures was one, Peter the Hermit, whose great work it was to make Europe listen to the cry of Jerusalem.

Peter was a Frenchman, of a noble family of Picardy, and had been a Knight, but because he had done some bad deed, he put off his armour and became a hermit. He was a small, mean-looking man, but he had keen, wonderful eyes, and a great gift of words, so that men could not help listening to him. Peter went to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage in the year 1093. It seemed to him that there was nothing but trouble everywhere—trouble amongst the Christians who lived in Jerusalem, and trouble

also for the men who were his fellow-pilgrims; and he learnt a good deal more from the aged Beauty of Jerusalem, Simeon, with w[illegible] not know. The Patriarch told him all [illegible] wrongs done to the Christians, and their sufferings and fears, and how they were not able to help themselves. Simeon, who was old and very sad, wept much as he told Peter all these things. "It may be," he said, "that when the cup of our sufferings is full, God will move the hearts of our fellow-Christians in the West to help His Holy City."

"Write," said Peter, burning with indignation at what he heard, "write to the Kings of the West! Tell them these things. I myself will take the letters, and will pray the people of Europe to draw sword and free Jerusalem!"

The stories he heard, and the things he saw, weighed upon Peter the Hermit's mind, and gave him no rest by day or night. And while he was praying at the shrines and altars and visiting the holy places, he saw visions of saints and angels, and heard voices calling to him out of heaven, which told him that he was chosen to be the deliverer of his fellow-Christians at Jerusalem. Once, as he was praying at the Holy Sepulchre itself, he thought he heard the voice of Christ Himself say, "Arise, Peter, hasten to announce the sorrows of My people. It is time that My servants were helped, and My holy places delivered."

Straightway Peter arose: the time for prayer was past, the time for work had come. Was he not called to this great task? Strong in this belief Peter made haste back to Europe, where he went first to Rome to beg for the Pope's support. The Pope listened to him, and promised to help him. He gave Peter his blessing, and said that he would help in every way he could the work which had been given to Peter by the Lord Himself.

Thus encouraged, Peter started to go through Europe, preaching a holy war. He preached all through Germany, France, and Belgium, but not in Spain. The reason for this was that the Saracens had a strong kingdom in Spain, and the Spanish Christians had enough fighting to do at home to protect themselves from these Saracens, or Moors as they were called, without travelling all the way to Palestine to fight them there. Peter preached boldly and fervently. His words came straight from a heart on fire with the earnestness of his faith. He told of the perils of the journey, the sufferings of the pilgrims when they arrived at Jerusalem, and the hardships of the daily life of the Christian dwellers in the City. He also described the Holy Land, the beautiful City of Jerusalem, the wonders of the holy places, the Sepulchre of the Lord Christ. "Is it right," cried Peter, "that those blessed places which have been made holy by Christ's own Presence—on which the very Feet of Christ stood—should belong

to the enemies of Christ?" (For so, in their narrowness and hate, the Christians of that day called all who were not Christians.) "Up, brothers," he cried, "and win back the City of the Lord for Himself!"

With a mighty shout the listening crowds replied, "Dieu le veult!"—(God wills it).

In every city, town, and village where he preached, hundreds of people swore to follow Peter to this holy war. And to each one who made this promise a red cross was given, to be worn on the shoulder; this was called taking the cross, and from this the wearers came to be called Crusaders, or soldiers of the Cross. At first these crosses were all red, and the English kept theirs always so. But Richard I himself used a white one in the Third Crusade, and in the later Crusades the soldiers of different nations wore their crosses in different colours to mark them out. The White Ensign, which is the naval flag of England to-day, is just the red cross of the early Crusades on the white ground, as they wore it on a white over-garment, called a surcoat.

And now the Knights of Europe came forward and took counsel together, and many of them made up their minds to join the Crusade also. They, too, were stirred to the heart by the Hermit's preaching, and longed to strike a good blow for the Sepulchre of Christ. But they could see further than Peter the Hermit and his excited followers,

and they knew well the great danger that Europe was in. For the fierce pirates on the Mediterranean coasts were slowly drawing nearer and threatening Europe; while if Constantinople fell, and with it the Greek Empire, the chief defence of Europe against the wild tribes of the East would be gone. Like wise men and good soldiers, the Knights began steadily to prepare for the great task which they had taken upon them.

Peter the Hermit, however, became impatient. He was longing to be afoot and away; he saw no use in all these preparations; he expected miracles to be worked for them in the coming warfare. He refused to wait till the great army was ready, and started off himself, leading a strange crowd of half-armed peasants, men and women of all ages, who had gathered round him as he preached in the different countries of Europe. A German knight, called Walter the Penniless, went with him as joint commander.

In this mad way did Peter the Hermit start on his crusade.

Eager and ready were the unfortunate crowds who followed him, but they were rough, ignorant people, who had no idea what lay before them—the length of the journey, its perils, its hardships. Every walled city they came to they would cry out that here was Jerusalem already. The fate of these poor peasants was only to be expected;

without proper food, without arms, they starved, and fell sick, and died in numbers every day. The wild mountain tribes in the heart of Europe swept down upon them as they trudged along, and killed them like sheep, robbing their few poor valuables as they lay dying or dead. There was no sort of order or discipline amongst the crowd. Peter, for all his fiery words, was no commander of men, and his rough and ignorant followers simply would not obey him. Of all the thousands who had set out in such glad hope, Peter himself was the only one who got even so far as Constantinople. Here, in remorse and shame, he had to wait long for the coming of the regular army.

The Knights of Europe were following with a large and well-armed force. They had the Pope's blessing, and his promise of heaven to all who fell in this most holy war. The chief leader was Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, a Belgian Knight. Brave yet gentle, pure of heart, and true in all his dealings, wise yet very humble, the name of Godfrey shines with a clear and steady light in the dark ages in which he lived. He was the first soldier of his day, and had won for himself a great name while he was quite a youth by killing with his own hand the Emperor Rudolph of Suabia, the rival of the Emperor Henry IV, whose standard-bearer Godfrey then was. Again, he had been the first to scale the walls of Rome at its capture by

the Emperor Henry—as he was the first to enter the City of Jerusalem later on. No other Crusader has left so famous a name in arms as Godfrey, except our English Richard. Good man and true soldier, he holds the admiration and honour of us all to-day.

With Godfrey were other Knights, men also famous in their different ways. There was Hugh, Count of Vermandois, a brother of the King of France; and another French Knight, Raymond, Count of Toulouse, surnamed the Wise; and Stephen, Count of Blois, who had married Adela of England, the daughter of William the Conqueror, and was the father of Stephen, who was afterwards King; Tancred of Sicily, called the Perfect Knight, about whom you will read later on in Tasso's great poem "Jerusalem Delivered"; and Boemond the Cunning (or Wise), Prince of Tarentum, also from Sicily, who was the tallest man in the army. We must remember their names, for we shall meet with them often enough as we go on. And there was Robert, Duke of Normandy, the generous, unlucky, shiftless elder son of William the Conqueror; and Edgar the Atheling, who was the last of the old Saxon royal line of England: these two were fellow-soldiers of the Cross, though sworn foes each of the other's House at home. Many Bishops and other men of note also took the Cross; but of the Kings of Europe not one. There was good reason for

this. The Kings of France and Germany were quarrelling with the Pope, who had excommunicated them; this means that the Pope would not allow them to go to any services until they were at peace with himself again, and if they died while they were still excommunicated, no priest would dare to bury them for fear of the Pope's curse. William Rufus of England was a bad and selfish man, who believed in nothing, and cared for nothing but himself and his own ends. Both he and the French King were very well pleased to send each a brother to the Holy War, instead of taking that long, hard journey themselves.

During the six months of preparation no work of any kind was done in Europe, save the forging of weapons and armour. Knights sold their lands at half their value to raise money for men, arms, and horses. Poor men left their work and their shops. The churches were crowded day and night with Crusaders, confessing their sins, and praying for God's blessing on the great adventure. No bad deeds were done—no robberies, no murders—during all those six months of preparation, and when we think what lawless and bloodthirsty days those were, we can understand a little better how real was the feeling that stirred the hearts and changed the lives of these men of the First Crusade. In none of the later Crusades was there this earnestness and purity and faith.

So passed the winter of 1095–96.

The First Crusade started in the spring of 1096. It was drawn from nineteen different nations. Men who knew not each other's language marched cheerfully side by side, the one great end in view; there were ten thousand Knights and seventy thousand men-at-arms. They went overland through Germany, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, and the Greek Empire, choosing the longer way by land because they were not sure of the sea route. At Constantinople the Greek Emperor, Alexius Comnenus, refused to ferry the Crusaders over the Hellespont, unless they first swore fealty to him for the lands they were going to win. Some of the Knights did actually consent to this impertinent request, and Boemond of Sicily was the chief of these; he did it for love of those wonderful treasures which he saw in the Treasure Chamber of Alexius, who had slily ordered the door to be left a little open as Boemond was passing by, that he might see and be tempted. But Godfrey and the nobler ones all refused. The army spent the winter at Constantinople, and the men from the colder northern lands were full of wonder at the rich luxurious life led by the pleasure-loving Greeks. Some sort of agreement was made at last between Godfrey and the Emperor, that the latter should help the Crusaders with guides and extra troops for the war. Alexius solemnly promised all this, but in the end he gave neither guides

nor soldiers. Perhaps his childish pride was satisfied by having teased an empty form of homage out of some of the Crusaders, and he wanted nothing more to do with them. As he had broken his part of the agreement, the Crusaders did not think themselves bound to keep theirs, and so the matter ended.

At Nicea, in Asia Minor—the wonderful city with three hundred and seventy towers and three mighty gates—the Crusaders had their first meeting with the Saracens; they defeated them after long and severe fighting, and took the town (June 24, 1097). After Nicea came a long and weary march, through such great heat that the war-horses failed and gave out, and the falcons dropped dead from the wrists of their masters. But at last they came before Antioch; and this great city fell before the Crusaders' eager attack, as Nicea had fallen, but only after a long and terrible siege, and with the loss of more men than the little Christian army could well afford. If you look at Antioch on the map you will see that from its position it is one of the gates into Syria, and it was really necessary that the Christians should hold it, so that though all this fighting on the way to Jerusalem delayed the Crusaders very much, and cost them many lives that would be wanted badly later on, they were only doing what they had to do if they meant to take and keep the Holy City.

Before Antioch was taken, the Crusaders received



CRUSADERS AND SARACENS IN BATTLE AT NICEA
IN THE FIRST CRUSADE

From a very old stained-glass window in the Abbey of St. Denis, France, made a few years after the Crusade.

a frantic appeal from Thores, Prince of Edessa, who sent Christian Armenian messengers to ask their help against the Turks, who were pressing upon him and his people, from Mosul. Godfrey saw that it would be a great help to the Christians to hold Edessa, as that would enable them to keep off the wild Turkish hordes. So he sent his brother Baldwin with a small force—all that could be spared—to take and hold Edessa, which he did with great success. Antioch was a great city, strong and well defended; and it seemed as if it could never be taken, with its thick walls, and citadel standing high up on the south, from whence it overlooked everything. It had many great gates, one called after St. George, and another after St. Paul; while there were also the Dog Gate and the Iron Gate, each one of which was strongly defended. Boemond and Tancred, the two Knights of Sicily, lay before the Gate of St. Paul, and the rest of the army was divided into camps, so that the whole city was encircled by the Christian host. When the Crusaders arrived it was late in the autumn, and for a time all went well, for their spirit was high after the taking of Edessa, and there was plenty of food to be gathered in the rich country all around. But when the winter closed in upon them, and food gave out, so that the men ate thankfully roots, and dead dogs, and horses, and, in fact, anything they could find, while the bitter storms of rain and hail and

snow froze their hands to their swords, and their hearts within them—then, indeed, it was a very different thing. Godfrey was wounded, and his men fell into all kinds of bad ways, so that some had even to be put to death in order to frighten others from doing bad deeds. Some of the Knights actually deserted; and once Peter the Hermit, in a fit of madness and despair, ran away, and had to be searched for and brought back. But still the Crusaders held on; and when Godfrey was about again things became better.

The coming of spring brought better weather, and with it fresh hope to the Crusaders; but it brought also the ill news that a large Saracen force was advancing to the relief of Antioch. By the end of May 1098 this army was only seven days' march from the city, and the Princes of the Crusade prepared themselves for a tremendous struggle.

Now there was an Armenian called Firuz, the son of an armourer in Antioch, who had charge of three towers on the south-west of the city. Firuz had become a Moslem, but when he saw the brave way in which the Christians were fighting, he felt stirred to help the men of his old faith. He went secretly to the Crusaders, and offered to let them into the city by night. Godfrey and the other Princes had hoped all along to take Antioch openly and gallantly, by force of arms; but now, with this great new army so close at hand, they dared delay

no longer, and they agreed with Firuz for a certain night and hour, though this secret way of doing things was very unwelcome to them all.

On the night of June 2, 1098, Boemond led a party to the foot of the tower agreed upon. Firuz was ready on his side, and a rope-ladder was quickly fixed to the wall. Up went Boemond, the first by right of leadership as he was first in courage; and after him sixty valiant men climbed silently up. But their weight broke the ladder, and another had to be let down, up which the rest swarmed; and then, while some seized the tower and killed the guards, others made haste to open a small gate below by which their companions outside could enter. A furious fight followed, in which the garrison of Antioch had very much the worst of it; and when the sun arose, the Crusading Princes and the host, anxiously watching from their camps, saw the banner of Boemond of Tarentum floating out bravely on the walls, from which the Saracen flag had waved till then, mocking all their efforts during the long winter of siege.

So Antioch was won.

Three days later the Saracen army appeared; and for three weeks the newcomers besieged the city in their fury at being too late to save it from the Christians. The Crusaders' hearts began to fail—and they really had gone through a great deal already — but a wonderful thing happened about

this time, which they all said was a miracle, and which cheered them up as nothing else could have done.

A monk named Peter Bartholomew went to one of the Bishops in the camp, and said that he had seen the Apostle St. Andrew in a vision by night, who led him to a Church in Antioch, where, under the altar, was lying buried and forgotten the Lance-head with which the Side of Christ was pierced. Peter Bartholomew told the Bishop that he had seen this vision before the fall of Antioch, but that he had been afraid to tell of it lest he should be laughed at; but now the vision had come again, and he dared not keep it to himself any longer. And this time, added the monk, trembling with fear and excitement, he had seen two Men in shining robes, One of whom was the Lord Christ Himself; and the other, who was St. Andrew, had rebuked him for his want of faith.

The Bishop did not believe the story of Peter Bartholomew; but others did, and twelve men were sent into the Church with the monk to dig under the altar in the place he showed them. From morning till nightfall the twelve dug and dug in vain; and now they began to grumble and mutter, and to point at Peter Bartholomew, as one who dreamed mad dreams, perhaps, but who saw no blessed visions. Then Peter Bartholomew leapt into the hole himself, calling upon Heaven to make true the vision,



Up went Boemond, the first by right of leadership



and in a moment he held up an ancient spear-head, all thick and brown with rust. Shouts of joy hailed the sight. Peter Bartholomew was honoured of all men now; the unbelieving Bishop took back his words; and the whole army was refreshed and made strong again by what they called a wonderful miracle.

But Boemond, the conqueror of Antioch, vowed that it was all some trick of Peter Bartholomew; and a few months later he brought up the story again, and had an inquiry made as to the truth of it. Many were found to swear on this side and on that, and at last Peter Bartholomew boldly said that he would go through the Ordeal by Fire in order to prove the truth of his vision and his discovery. In those days, when men could not be sure which of two sides was the right one, they would often put it to the Ordeal, or trial, by Fire, or by Water, or by Arms. In the Ordeal by Fire the person who was accused had to walk barefoot over burning coals or wood, or red-hot iron; if he escaped unhurt, he was said to be innocent; if he was burnt, he was guilty. So now Peter Bartholomew offered of his own free will to go through the Ordeal by Fire, and all the army crowded out to see him do it.

First of all they made a large pile of olive-wood, which burns very quickly and fiercely; and when the dry wood began to crackle, and the flames to spurt out, a priest said in a loud voice, "If the Lord

Himself has spoken with this man face to face—if the Blessed Andrew has shown him the Lance that pierced the Lord, let him pass through the Fire without receiving any hurt. Or, if not, let him be burnt with the Lance which he carries in his hand." All that great crowd fell upon their knees, and answered "Amen!" Then Peter Bartholomew stood forth, and called God and all the Saints to witness that he had spoken the very truth, and taking the Lance-head in his hand, he passed through the Fire, "and then came out by the Grace of God."

The eager crowd pressed in upon him to make sure that he was indeed unhurt, and they pressed in so close that they threw poor Peter Bartholomew down upon the ground, and "trampled him under their feet, cut off pieces of his flesh, broke his backbone, and broke his ribs." Poor Peter Bartholomew, this was very hard indeed, when he had just come safely through the Ordeal by Fire! He was only saved from being killed by a Knight, who called some soldiers, and took him away. While they were dressing his wounds, the monk told them that our Lord had appeared to him again in the Fire, and had spoken to him there. He had some bad burns upon his legs, as well as all the broken bones; and he died the next day.

"He has died of the Ordeal by Fire!" said Boemond; and he still refused to believe. But all

the army was quite certain that Peter Bartholomew was a very holy man, now that he was dead.

Poor Peter Bartholomew, and his hurts, and his story, however, were soon forgotten. What really mattered was that Antioch was won; and Boemond, who had taken it, was left to hold "the Gate." So now two of the most valuable of the Crusading princes were left behind, and lost to the army advancing upon Jerusalem.

It was now three years since the Crusaders had started, and the hardest part of the task had yet to be done. In the spring of 1099 they began their march down through Syria, following the coast-line west of the wooded mountains of Lebanon. The country is at its best in the spring, and its beauty and richness made the Crusaders all the more eager to possess it, and to see Jerusalem. They were war-worn; they had been three years upon the way; but their spirit was as high as on the day they started. They passed through Sidon, Tyre, Acre, Carmel, Cæsarea, Lydda (where St. George of England was beheaded, and where his grave can still be seen), and Ramleh. They were drawing very near to Jerusalem now. At Lydda Godfrey divided his army into three parts, so as to come upon the enemy on the north, south, and west; and then began the last part of the march, through the Plain of Sharon and up the Mountains of Judea to Jerusalem. Godfrey and his division came up straight from the coast.

Tancred with a hundred Knights marched south by Bethlehem, taking that little town amongst the olives on his way, as its Christian inhabitants had begged him to do.

In spite of the longer round, Tancred was the first of the Crusaders to see Jerusalem.

It was a hot day in June; the blue sky was not dimmed by even the shadow of a cloud, and the sun beat down fiercely upon the bare, brown, rounded hills of Judea, and upon the daring little force that marched so steadily upon its way. Tancred and his hundred knights made a long round so as to escape being seen from the City, and rode up the western slope of Olivet, and then, suddenly, the full beauty of the Holy City broke upon their eager eyes—the City with its battlemented walls, its towers and minarets and domes, resting like a crown upon the hills on which it is built, and in the clear air seeming almost within a stone's throw. With one consent the toil-worn soldiers from the North fell upon their knees, and there were tears on many faces as they vowed again never to rest or cease from war until they put off their armour within those sacred walls.

As they looked and wondered, an old hermit—one of those who lived alone in the caves upon the Mount of Olives—ventured out of his cell, and offered to point out to them the different places in the City. That noble dome was the Temple; further back to the right rose the Tower of David



THE TOWER OF DAVID, JERUSALEM

The great stronghold of the Crusaders in Jerusalem.

[*Photo: Underwood.*



—the citadel in 1099 as it is in 1913—and there—ah! there at last! was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to free which these hardy soldiers had come all this long and difficult way. The hermit's words fired afresh the longings and the hopes of his hearers. Laying mail-clad hands on their long cross-handled swords, the Crusaders cried out aloud, demanding to be led at once against the foe. They had waited too long already!

Godfrey came next, having passed through the Plain of Sharon and the Land of the Philistines on his way up from Jaffa. Out of the army of seventy thousand who had started so joyfully and so proudly three years before, only twenty thousand were left now. They had reached the City, indeed, but the hardest part of the task was still to come—a siege of forty days.

CHAPTER IV

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM

"A mighty troop around,
With their trampling shook the ground:
Waving each a bloody sword,
For the service of their Lord."

SHELLEY.

THE month of June is a hot and heavy time of year in the Holy Land, and greatly did the Crusaders suffer. The City was surrounded by brushwood, stubborn and hindering to the feet, but there were hardly any trees to give them shelter from the burning sun. Water, too, was short, for the Saracens had been careful to choke or poison all the wells and cisterns round about the City, so that the Crusaders were afraid to use them. They were therefore obliged to bring their water from that well at Bethlehem from which three of David's mighty men of war brought him water, having first broken through the whole host of the Philistines to get it: it is still called David's Well. But Bethlehem is about five and a half miles distant from Jerusalem, and the Pools of Solomon, another place from which they had to fetch water, is further still, on the way to

Hebron; and often the parties sent out were attacked or even cut off by the enemy. Near to Jerusalem the only water to be had was from the Pool of Siloam, and that was not much use, for the water was bad, and there was very little of it either at this time of year. The flow also was not regular.

The City being protected on the east, south, and west sides by valleys, Godfrey pitched his camp on the north-east, where the ground is flat up to the walls. His lines were nearest to the City, in the most dangerous position, as befitted the leader. Next came the camp of the Flemings; the Normans and English were opposite to the Damascus Gate, almost due north, Tancred and his Italians being on their further side. Beyond these again, on the north-west, was the French camp. It was necessary to divide these soldiers of many languages and races, for in spite of the common aim which bound them all together, old jealousies and quarrels would ever and again break out, and cause trouble, and perhaps bloodshed, in the Crusading camp.

Godfrey set about building the great towers of assault for the siege. These were high wooden towers, covered with skins to make them armour-proof, and mounted upon platforms on wheels, so that they could be moved easily from one place to another as they were wanted. The soldiers who manned them were able in this way to draw nearer

to the City, and, protected themselves, to hurl against the walls the huge stones which tore holes, or breaches, even in their great thickness, by which to enter. The wood for these towers was brought from Mizpah, and at a great cost of time and labour. Sickness and fever were abroad in the camp, and the cattle died in numbers for want of food and water.

As the siege became closer, the Saracens began to be afraid that their own supplies would fall short. They therefore turned out all the Christians who lived in the City—men, women, and children, old and young together, without difference, and without pity. These, to the number of some thousands, were thus thrown upon the care of Godfrey, who was already troubled enough to feed and keep his own army without all these extra, and for the most part helpless, people. The Christians also brought with them the terrible news that the Saracens were threatening to destroy the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself, if the Crusaders continued to press the siege. This report, however, only stirred up the Crusaders to real fury, and so to fresh and greater efforts, though their ranks were now much thinned by sickness and death.

The heat was unusually great, even for July, and the Crusaders, in their heavy armour and close helmets, felt it cruelly; sometimes they would tear up large pieces of earth, and lay them against their skin, in the vain hope of cooling themselves a little.

The supply of water got lower and lower, and was becoming so bad that even the horses refused to touch it. But Godfrey never lost hope, never slackened in his efforts, nor loosed his grip on the City; and the forty thousand Saracens within the walls began to feel the pressure of his hand. They sent messengers to Egypt, asking for help, but these were captured by the Crusaders, who were very much encouraged by this proof of the fear within the City. More wood still was wanted for the siege towers, which were often destroyed in the fighting, but a good store of timber had been hidden by the Saracens, before the siege began, in a cave, which the Crusaders found by a lucky chance; and one of the Syrian Christians who had been turned out of the City guided them to a little wood five or six miles north of Jerusalem, from which they could cut as much as they wanted.

At this darkest time came the Genoese fleet to Jaffa, with arms, wood, and food; and thus strengthened and helped, Godfrey made up his mind to try one last fierce assault upon the City. It was better, he said, that his men should fall by the sword before those holy walls than that they should die slowly, without honour, done to death by the hot sun and by their hardships. A three days' fast was ordered, solemn services were held day and night, and a procession of armed soldiers, and priests bearing crosses and chanting as they

went, walked slowly round the walls. The Saracens watched them from the battlements above, and mocked them as they went. Peter the Hermit preached in the Christian camps, encouraging the soldiers by his fiery words, promising heaven to those who fell in this holy war. Eagerly the men drank in his wonderful promises, dull eyes brightened, rough hands grasped sword-hilts more firmly, pious hearts prayed for success. These were men ready to dare and do all.

The first attack was made upon Thursday, July 14, 1099. It was not successful, and the Crusaders, a good deal disheartened, drew off. The next day, however, they repeated it. Crusaders and Saracens alike fought bravely and desperately, both seeming to feel that this was the final effort of this long and weary siege. Over and over again it seemed as though the Crusaders must be beaten back after all. But, so say the old stories of this tremendous day, at the very moment when all seemed lost, the good Knight St. George—Patron of soldiers and of Christian Palestine, and afterwards of England, too —rode down from the Mount of Olives, and with flashing lance led the Crusaders on to victory. Certain it is that they made a last fierce attack, and the City was won.

Over the broken walls rushed the Crusaders, dodging falling stones, hitting, cutting, right and left, sparing no one who came in their way. The



Peter in a moment held up an ancient spear-head (page 31)



Saracens fought bravely enough, but at last their hearts failed them, and they fled. Down the narrow streets, all slippery with blood, the Crusaders followed them, shouting, killing, drunk with slaughter. The City rang with the clash of steel, the shouts of the victors, the yells of the hunted and the dying; wounded men were trodden under foot, women and children pricked out at the point of sword or lance from the dark corners where they had hidden, trembling and afraid. The Jews fled to their synagogue, and the Crusaders surrounded them with shouts, and burnt them in it. "These are Jews—they sold Christ to death!" they said. "They, too, are the enemies of God. Let them perish!" Blood—blood, everywhere: there is no deed of mercy or of kindness to tell about this day. "We have mingled our blood with our tears," wrote a Moslem poet, very truly. Poor Jerusalem, so deeply stained with blood, so full of darkness and fear and cruelty that July day.

The glory of the day was drowned in the streams of blood that followed on the victory. The Crusaders, maddened by complete success after defeat, by fulfilment after waiting, were neither to have nor to hold; they cut down all they met, men, women, and children, young and old. The Princes of the Crusade had no hold over their men; they might promise quarter, but they could not prevail on their men to give it. The unhappy

Saracens fled to the Mosque (the old Temple of Solomon), and they were cut down there, without regard to age or sex, or to the sacredness of the place. "If you desire to know what was done with the enemy," wrote a Crusader after the battle, "know that in Solomon's Porch and in his Temple our men rode in the blood of the Saracens up to the knees of their horses." Tancred tried to hide a few Saracens on the roof of the Temple, hoping thus to save their lives. They were seen, hounded down, and cut to pieces with the rest. Out of all the City only three hundred Saracens were saved, by Raymond de St. Gilles. This good Knight shut them up in the Tower of David for some days, and then sent them under safe guard to Ascalon.

The Crusaders seemed to have forgotten all the high and noble purpose with which they had started on their journey, and to care now for the plunder only. It was a time of terror and of cruel things done and suffered, and it has left an everlasting stain upon the taking of Jerusalem.

Towards nightfall the work of blood slackened a little, and the Christians of the city (who had been hiding in terror of their bloodthirsty deliverers, who seemed no less to be feared than their old Saracen oppressors), began to peep timidly out of their safe places, and to welcome the victors. The cry of all now was for Peter the Hermit—Peter, whom not all the hardships, dangers, and difficulties

of his way had been able to turn back — Peter, whose stirring words had persuaded Europe to send out this army of rescue. With heart and voice the people hailed Peter as the fount from which had flowed the stream of their deliverance, and for that short hour the poor hermit was the chief man in the City. The rest of his story is quickly told. He left Jerusalem not many days after, and carried the wonderful story of its capture back to Europe. There he entered a monastery, and died some fourteen years later, forgotten by those whom he had stirred and led to such great deeds.

But where was Godfrey while the deeds of horror and cruelty and bloodshed were torturing the City? He—perhaps despairing of controlling his unruly men—had gone on foot to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and there was found in prayer. The soldiers, beginning to get tired of their horrid work, followed him there, and throwing down their dripping swords upon the sacred stones, they wept and praised God for what He had done by them. For they thought in their ignorance that even the many cruel deeds they had done that day were well pleasing in His sight. A night of solemn services in the Church followed, and so the new day drew slowly on.

But with the new day the soldiers' repentance died, as their vigour returned after food and rest, and the old cruel thirst for blood awoke in them

once more. They set again upon the unhappy Saracen inhabitants of the conquered City, and for seven days this went on. It is said that not one Saracen escaped, except the three hundred whom Raymond de St. Gilles had saved on the first day. It seems strange that such brave and noble Knights as the Princes of the First Crusade certainly were should have allowed this slaughter, but they did nothing to stop it. "My soldiers," said Tancred, "are my glory and my riches! Let them have the spoil, and let me have for my share trouble, danger, and weariness, rain and hail." This was, of course, very unselfish and high-minded of Tancred, whom men called the Perfect Knight, but on the other hand it left his men entirely free to kill and rob and torture as they pleased. Perhaps one reason why the Princes did not interfere was that they wished to clear the City utterly of all its old inhabitants and ways, and thought that this was the quickest as well as the surest plan. Every Crusader was allowed to keep the house he took. Here, then, was at once a reason and an excuse for them to kill and rob! At the end of that week of blood the City was cleared of all its former inhabitants. It was in every way a new City, with new citizens, a new language, under a new rule and new conditions.

CHAPTER V

THE KNIGHTS

"A true Knight,
Nor yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked; nor, being provoked, soon calmed;
His heart and hand both open, and both free."

SHAKESPEARE.

"The firmest bulwark of Jerusalem was founded on the Knights of the Hospital and of the Temple."—GIBBON.

WE must break off here for a few pages to look at two great Orders of Knighthood which come again and again into this Story of the Crusades, for if we know a little about them first it will be easier for us to keep the whole story straight and clear in our minds as we go on.

First of all, what was a Knight?

He was a soldier, generally a man of good birth, whose life was sworn to the threefold service of God, his King, and his lady. In the very olden days, even before the times of the Crusades, when the law was weak, and no man was safe unless he was strong enough to defend himself and to make others afraid of him, the poor and the weak, women and old

people were at the mercy of any who were stronger than they. And so, arising out of this great need of the weak for protection, there came the service of the Knights of old. We know how King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table cleared the land of Britain of enemies, put down wrong-doing and violence and lawlessness with a heavy hand wherever they found it, and helped women and all who were weaker than themselves. That was the true ideal, or purpose, of Knighthood. There were also Knights-errant, or wandering Knights—men who had, perhaps, no lands or duties to tie them to one place, or who, to keep some vow made in a time of sickness or danger, wandered through the world for a certain number of years; not going to any special place, but to many lands, just as they found they could be of service to any. As the laws became stronger, however, and so made the different countries safer, the need for these Knights-errant gradually passed away.

The making of a Knight was no easy matter. It began at a very early age, the boy, who was a child of noble, or at least gentle, birth, being sent when he was about seven years old to the household of some famous Knight, to be taught there all that was necessary to make him, in his turn, a good and worthy Knight. Here he learned to do any work that was required of him, no matter how lowly it might seem, —for the first idea of Knighthood was service. Thus

we see Gawaine, though he was a King's son, thinking it no shame to serve in King Arthur's kitchen. The boy had also to wait upon his master the Knight as his attendant or squire, and to learn the care and training of horses, and all the noble art of war; besides singing and the making of verses, so that at a great feast he could add his share to the pleasure of it. And as he grew up he learned to be brave and yet gentle; to be just as much at home in the saddle as in the presence of ladies; to fear none; to reverence all women; to train horses; and to handle men; he learnt also the lighter but hardly less favoured pursuits of hawking and hunting, or venerie.

Before he received his Knighthood, the young squire had to watch all the night before in prayer in church, kneeling in front of the high altar on whose steps his yet untried armour was laid. This was called keeping his vigil, or watch. Early in the new day, at a solemn service, his sword was buckled round him, the spurs were fastened to his heels, and some noble Knight, or perhaps the King, struck him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword as he knelt before him and made his solemn promise to be pure and brave; to be courteous to all women; to defend all who were weaker than himself, or who suffered any wrong, and to be true to his King; to keep from all wrong-doing and from violence. Sometimes he would be struck lightly upon the cheek with the words, "Remember that the Saviour of the world

was buffeted and scorned": or, "Receive this blow, but never any other."

"The monarch he lifted a Damascene blade
O'er the kneeling count's brow on high;
A blow on his shoulder full gently he laid,
And by that little action a knight he is made,
Baptized into chivalry.

'Bear thou this blow,' said the King to the Knight,
'But never bear blow again;
For thy sword is to keep thine honour white,
And thine honour must keep thy good sword bright,
And both must be free from stain.'"

It was natural enough that, as the numbers of Knights increased in every war, and for other reasons, they should band themselves together, forming small companies here and there of men who had sworn to keep the same rules. In this way began the great Orders of Knighthood which played such a fine part in the history of the Middle Ages. With two of these Orders the story of the Crusades has very much to do.

When Jerusalem was in the hands of the Sultans of Egypt, the Christian pilgrims, though they suffered a good deal in some ways, were yet encouraged rather than not, as their coming brought a certain amount of money into the City. The Native Christians in Jerusalem were allowed to live within the City because they were subjects, but to the pilgrims and to such Christians from the West who visited



The toil-worn soldiers from the North fell upon their knees (page 34)



Jerusalem, or who had settled there for any purpose, no such favour was given. Some Italian merchants from Amalfi, however, gave large presents to the Sultan of Egypt and to his chief courtiers, by means of which they received permission to build a Hospice or hospital near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at which Western pilgrims and other travellers could be lodged. This Hospice was dedicated in later days to St. John the Baptist, and to it was added in time a convent, a Church (also of St. John), and a Hospice for women, named after St. Mary Magdalene. The Brothers and Sisters who served in these Hospices lived in a very simple way, and their work was to look after the sick and wounded. In 1065 the Seljuk Turks took Jerusalem, but they left the Church of the Holy Sepulchre because they could get money from the pilgrims who came to visit it, and for some reason they left also the Hospices near it. After the taking of the City by Godfrey, the Hospitallers (as the members of the Order were called) did good work in nursing the wounded. Many Crusaders of gentle birth laid aside their arms and joined the Order; others gave money and lands, Godfrey being especially generous and free in his gifts.

In time the Order became more and more a military one. The habit or dress was black, with a large eight-pointed cross of white upon the breast or arm, the eight points meaning the Eight Beatitudes

or Blessings spoken by our Lord. This cross is now often called the Maltese Cross, because later on the Order settled in Malta, and the Knights are sometimes called the Knights of Malta. With its growing riches the Order of St. John built larger Hospitals and other buildings, and a fine Church at Jerusalem.

There was always fighting going on in and round Jerusalem, and the Chancellor of the Order proposed to the Brethren that they should become a fighting Order, and help to support and to defend the Kingdom. "He gave back to the Brethren the arms which they had quitted," or given up. But some of the Brethren did not like the idea at all, for they thought that fighting was against the object of their Order, which was to heal. However the Patriarch of Jerusalem approved of the idea, and new rules were drawn up, and the Order was divided into three parts—the Knights of noble birth who were to fight; the clergy who were to serve the Churches of the Order, to visit the Hospitals, and to follow the army to battle; and the serving Brethren, who were men of lowly birth, and who served the Knights, and worked in the Hospitals. The Hospitallers fought on the left wing in battle, and the Templars on the right. The Knights of St. John won great honour in all the wars in Palestine; the Order grew in wealth and in fame, and began to set up Houses in Europe as well as in Palestine.

The Hospitallers did not lose their name for kindness and the care of the suffering and the sick; and a little story (which may or may not be true) is told which shows how they put the care of the poor before all other things. Saladin (so runs the tale) had heard many stories of the goodness of the Knights Hospitallers, and he wished to see for himself if what was said was true. So he disguised himself and went to the Hospitallers' House in Acre, pretending to be a poor pilgrim. He was kindly received by the Knights, given free lodging, and food was set before him. But Saladin said he could not eat the food, good as it was, for there was a strange fancy upon him which prevented him from eating any but one thing. The Serving Brethren pressed him to tell them what it was, and at last the pretended pilgrim confessed that he wanted the right fore-hoof of the Grand Master's charger. The Serving Brethren, who thought the pilgrim must be mad, repeated his words to the Grand Master, who at once ordered the noble war-horse to be brought from the stable. Then he himself blindfolded it, and with grief in his heart, but with a steady hand, he took an axe and lifted it up to strike the blow. Then Saladin stood forward, and confessed that his only thought in making such a strange request was his wish to prove the truth of all that he heard of the goodness of the Order to all strangers and the poor. He did not tell them his name, but every

year he sent a large present of money to the Hospitallers' House at Acre. It is a nice story because it ends well, and the horse was not hurt after all!

When Saladin captured Jerusalem, he spared the Church and other buildings of the Knights Hospitallers, and gave them to the Mosque as an endowment. Some ruins of these beautiful buildings, which are more than seven hundred years old, can still be seen—a beautiful entrance gateway of the old Hospital, decorated with carvings of the Signs of the Zodiac, and part of the old cloisters round a courtyard at the back of the big new Church which the Germans (to whom this place was given some years ago) have built where the Hospital of the Knights of St. John once stood.

The Order of the Temple was the other great Order which played just as large a part in the history of Christian Jerusalem. The Order had a small beginning. In the year 1117, Sir Hugh de Payens (or de Paganis), a French Knight, with eight other Knights of noble birth, called themselves "The Poor of the Holy City," and swore to protect the Passes that led up to Jerusalem from the Plains of Sharon on the west, and the Roads of the Jordan Valley on the east. Baldwin II gave the valiant nine a house near the Temple, from which they then took their name; and rules were drawn up for the new Order, which quickly grew in honour and in strength. The Templars were always a military

Order, and they lived under far stricter rules than the Hospitallers. They were to keep nothing for their own use; neither gold nor silver was allowed; their food and clothing were of the plainest. The great Seal of the Order showed their poverty, for it was two Knights riding on one horse. They were also called the Poor Knights of Christ. One of the Knights, when he was taken prisoner and was told to pay a large ransom, said, "I have no goods but a knife and a girdle. The duty of a Templar is to conquer or die." Their habit was of white, to which a long red cross was afterwards added, to show that they were ready to shed their blood in the service of Christ.

When he was knighted the Templar made a very solemn vow, or promise. "I swear to give my speech, my strength, and my life to defend the belief in the Unity of God and the mysteries of the faith. When the Saracens invade the lands of the Christians, I will pass over the sea to deliver my Brethren. I will give the succour (help) of my arm to the Church and the King against the infidel princes. So long as my enemies shall be only three to one against me, I will fight them, and will never take flight: alone I will combat them if they are unbelievers."

The rules of the Order of the Temple laid down that all things were to be done in three, as that number would always remind them of the Mystery

of the Holy Trinity. Three times a week the Knights gave money to the poor; three times a week they heard Mass, and were allowed to eat meat; three times a year the whole number of the Order was called over. A Knight who had done wrong was called a recreant Knight, and his punishment was ordered to be given "in open Chapter," that is, before all the Brethren of his House, to add to his shame. The Banner of the Order, called Beauséant, was seen in the forefront of every fight, with its motto, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name be the glory!" The Banner was half white and half black, to show that the Templars "were fair and favourable to the friends of Christ, but black and terrible to His enemies."

Men of the highest birth, and of princely houses, joined the Order, whose valour in battle was known to all the world. They were "lions in war, and gentle as lambs at home. When they were called to arms they did not ask how many of the enemy there were, but where they were." "When the conflict has begun," St. Bernard said of them, "they throw aside their former gentleness, exclaiming, 'Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee!'" and in going into battle they were the first, as in returning they were the last. When the trumpet sounded the advance, they sang first the Psalm, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us," and then made a "most terrible attack" in silence. If a Templar turned his

back upon the enemy, or even saved his life on a stricken field, or fought against Christians, he was considered to have behaved shamefully, and his punishment was a heavy one. His white mantle with the blood-red cross, which was the sign of his Knighthood, was taken away from him; he was not allowed to mix with any of the Brethren, but had to eat his meals on the ground, and was not allowed to use a napkin for a whole year; he was not even allowed to drive away the dogs if they came prowling round and stole his food. At the end of the year, if the Grand Master and the Brethren thought that he had been punished enough, he was received again into the full life of the Order.

There are many instances of the way in which the Templars ever proved their valour, both as men, and as an Order; as at the capture of Ascalon by the Saracens in the year 1153, when two hundred Templars, and their standard-bearer, an English Knight, Sir Reginald de Argentine, refused as one man to surrender, and were cut down. But I think there is no instance known to history of a Templar who turned his back upon a fight. If they had been as unselfish as they were brave, nothing on earth could have stood against them.

The Order of the Temple became rich and admired quite suddenly. New Houses sprang up, first in different parts of the Holy Land—Safed, Gaza, Athlit, Jaffa, Acre, Beyrout—as well as the

great mother-house at Jerusalem—and then in England, as well as all over the continent. The Knights paid no taxes, so their riches grew most comfortably. Some of the old Houses of the Order can still be traced in England, and Templar Churches, too, built in round shape like the Temple in Jerusalem.

These two great Orders—the Hospitallers and the Templars—were closely bound up with the history of the Christian Kingdom, and of the Crusades. The fall of the Kingdom broke their greatness. The story of their later years we shall take up in its place.

There is one special Saint, who is the Patron of soldiers, of Palestine, and of England, whose story we may look at here; and that is Saint George. So many stories are told about him, that we have not, perhaps, a very clear idea of him in our minds, beyond the fact that he killed the dragon; but the Crusaders believed in him so firmly, and said that he came to their help so many times when they were in danger or in trouble, that we shall find his name appearing time after time in the story of the Crusaders.

St. George lived in the reign of Diocletian, who was one of the most cruel of all the Roman Emperors. His father was put to death for being a Christian, and, after this, St. George and his mother went to live at Lydda, a small town in the Holy Land, near Jaffa. His mother died when he was

only seventeen, and St. George became a soldier, and a very brave and clever one, so that he was marked out even among such brave and splendid soldiers as the Romans were. He was known, too, for his kindness to all who were weak and unhappy or helpless, and for his love of giving. His beautiful looks, his courage, and the praises of his many friends made Diocletian take notice of him; and he became very fond of him, and made him a Tribune, though he was so young. The Emperor did not know that St. George was a Christian, for in those days of long ago, when the Christians were so often put to death just because they were Christians, they were forbidden to speak openly of their faith to the heathen people among whom they lived, but were only to confess it if they were asked the direct question, "Are you a Christian?"

So Diocletian became fonder and fonder of St. George, and grew to trust him more and more until he began his cruel persecution of the Christians. Then St. George's blood was fired by the sight of the sufferings of his fellow-Christians, and the awful ways in which they were put to death —by the sword, and the rack, by burning, and by being torn to pieces by wild beasts which had been kept hungry for days before, so that they might be all the more fierce. St. George went boldly to the Emperor, and spoke out all that was in

his mind. Diocletian was filled with anger, and threw him into prison.

The Roman guards laid St. George upon the floor of the cell, placed his feet in a wooden case called stocks, and laid a great stone upon his breast, so heavy that it almost crushed him; but in the midst of his pain the Soldier Saint only prayed to God. The next day they bound him to a great wheel, all set round with sharp spikes that tore and cut his body as they spun it round, but still the Saint uttered no cry; and there came a voice from heaven that said, "George, fear thou nothing, for I am with thee." Looking up, he saw One clad all in white, from Whose Face and garments there shone out a bright and wonderful light, and Who held out His Hand to him, saying, "Be thou strong and brave, and suffer all that is done to thee, for the sake of Christ thy Lord." Two of the guards who were standing there saw the wonderful vision, and they became Christians, and were put to death at once.

Once more Diocletian commanded St. George to give up his faith; but all his promises and threats were nothing to the Saint. Then the Emperor, in anger, gave the word that he should be beheaded; and he was led out to die, and very gladly he laid down his life for his faith.

The people of the Holy Land have always held St. George in great honour; and to this day the

picture of him slaying the dragon is found in every Church. It was from them that we English learned to honour him, too, for the Crusaders took him as their Patron, or Chief Saint of England, and "St. George for England!" became the battle-cry with which English soldiers charged to victory again and again.

St. George lies buried at Lydda, where his grave can still be seen. All the old pilgrims went to visit it, and a great feast was held there every year, the Feast of St. George, and it is kept up to this day.

At one time Edward the Confessor was the Patron Saint of England; but King Richard, our great English Crusader, altered that. It was well done; for certainly St. George the Soldier is a better Patron of a fighting race than the meek and silent Confessor. And because he belonged first, and still belongs to Palestine, our having him for our Patron is another little link in the golden chain that joins the history of our England with that of the Holy Land.

CHAPTER VI

THE BEGINNING OF THE KINGDOM

GODFREY, THE FIRST KING OF JERUSALEM, 1099–1100

"Here on earth
Shall splendour sit upon thy name for ever."
ROBERT BROWNING.

"Sans peur et sans reproche."

ON the eighth day of the young Kingdom the Princes of the Crusade held a solemn council to choose a King. It was not at all easy to pick out the best from a band of men, each of whom was so famous all through Europe for his princely rank, his valour, and his noble deeds. In the middle of the discussion Robert of Flanders rose up and said, "Noble Knights and Princes, we know all that a leader must be chosen from amongst us who are here assembled—one whose fame, whose birth, and whose valour fits him for the crown of the City where Christ died for us. Let us then put aside all selfish thoughts, and the pride that makes us want the Kingship for ourselves, and let each one honestly and faithfully give his voice to choose him who is the best. For my part,

whosoever he be that is chosen, him will I faithfully serve and follow."

There could be no manner of doubt, after this, as to which of the Princes was the most worthy to be King in Jerusalem; but first, as a matter of form and of courtesy, the crown was offered to Duke Robert of Normandy, brother of William II, King of England, as being the highest in rank amongst them. He would not hear of it.

"Nay," he said, "though I came here for God's service, I have not let my Dukedom go from me so fully as to be at the service of my vow; and I desire, if it please God, to return to my own people."

So he refused it, and it was well that he did so for the Kingdom; for though brave and generous to a fault, he was lazy and selfish. Unable to rule himself, how could he have kept in hand the proud Knights and Barons who made the Kingdom? Soon afterwards he returned to Normandy; and his unhappy, restless life ended with twenty-eight years of captivity in Carnarvon Castle, as the prisoner of his youngest brother.

All choices then fell upon Godfrey. Humble as he was brave, Godfrey at first refused; but when it was pressed upon him as the Will of God, he gave in, and allowed them to lead him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, there to be crowned King of Jerusalem. But when they tried to put

the crown upon his head, he would not suffer them to do so.

"It is not fitting," he said, "that I should wear a crown of gold in the City where my Lord Christ, the true King of Jerusalem, once wore for me and for my sins the Crown of Thorns."

He would use neither the crown nor the title of King, but would only call himself "Baron of the Holy Sepulchre," in which Church he hung up the golden crown of Jerusalem.

Godfrey de Bouillon was forty years old when he was crowned at Jerusalem. In appearance he was very tall and broad, with brown hair and blue eyes. His face was very handsome, and of a stern expression, but he could also look gentle and kind. He was one of the most famous soldiers of his day; he was brave and wise, just and true, without a shadow of selfishness or of meanness to stain his name. When he was elected King of Jerusalem a careful inquiry was held to find out if he had ever done anything which would make him unworthy to rule in the Holy City. But the worst charge that could be brought against him was that of his squires, who said that their master would often pray for such a long time that he forgot the hours of his meals, and so the food was spoilt. Poor hungry squires! So Godfrey de Bouillon has come down to us of the twentieth century as a pure and upright man, a just and true Knight

"without fear and without reproach," and a wise and fearless soldier. "If all honour should fail out of the land," said a Saracen chief, "yet is Duke Godfrey alone enough to restore it, and bring it to light."

As to his strength and his brave deeds there was only one voice — that he was second to no Knight in Europe. There are one or two stories told of him which show how strong his arm was and how true his aim. An Arab camel-driver came to him one day, saying that he had heard many wonderful tales of Godfrey's mighty deeds, but that he wished to see for himself if all that was said of him could really be true. Godfrey, without more ado, pulled out his sword, and with a single blow cut off the head of one of the man's camels.

"Ah!" said the Arab, "but there is magic in your sword; it is that, and not your own strength which enables you to strike such a blow."

"Lend me your own sword, then," answered Godfrey; and taking the camel-driver's sword, he repeated his feat on another of the unfortunate camels. The Arab was quite convinced of Godfrey's great strength, and he went away with his camels, not wishing to lose any more of them by asking for further proof.

Another story tells how once, in the heat of battle, Godfrey with one sweeping stroke of his sword cut a Saracen rider right through the middle

of his body, so that the horse galloped on with the legs and part of the body still in the saddle, while the upper half fell to the ground. On another occasion he cut a Saracen right through from the head downward, so that one arm and shoulder fell to the ground. These stories, and many others, were told round camp-fires by Crusading or Saracen soldiers, and we may be sure that they lost nothing in the telling.

One of Godfrey's first acts as King—for King he really was, though he would not use the name—was to divide the new Kingdom into fiefs, or counties, each of which he put under one of the Princes of the Crusade. Boemond of Sicily, as we know, was Prince of Antioch. Raymond of Toulouse had Tripoli of Syria and the Lebanon. To Tancred, the Perfect Knight, fell Galilee; while Baldwin de Bouillon, Godfrey's brother, had Edessa. A good part of these lands were not yet won, and to the new rulers fell the task of conquering before they could possess them. The rest of the Crusaders returned home, except a hundred Knights who preferred to stay on with Godfrey, seeing that though Jerusalem was won, the work was not yet finished by any means. At no time did Godfrey's army number more than twenty thousand men.

Godfrey's sword was not allowed to rest in its sheath for any length of time. Word was brought to him that a large Saracen army was coming up



GODFREY OF BOUILLON, FIRST KING OF JERUSALEM, ON HIS THRONE

From an illuminated MS., "History of Godfrey of Bouillon," in the British Museum.
[*Photo: Art Illustration Co.*



from Egypt. It was composed of fierce and tried warriors from that land, and from Damascus and Bagdad, and it was led by Afdhal, an Armenian renegade; that is, he had once been a Christian, but had become a Moslem for the sake of gain. Without delay Godfrey marched to Gaza to meet these Saracens, taking with him all the men of his army who could be spared from the defence of Jerusalem. He brought with him a large number of cattle for the use of the army, and these herds, following behind, raised a great cloud of dust, which the Saracens believed to be a second large Christian host. Godfrey, with five thousand men, placed himself so as to prevent the Saracens in Ascalon—a strong city not far off—from getting out to help the attacking force. Raymond of Toulouse and his men were between the Saracens and their fleet; Tancred, Count Robert of Flanders, and Robert of Normandy led the attack from the centre.

Fierce was the fighting on both sides, and the little Crusading army seemed likely to be swallowed up by the great numbers of the Saracens; but when these latter began to get tired, and to feel their losses, which were heavy, they could get no help from Ascalon, or Gaza, or their own ships, for Godfrey had closed up every way by which their friends could have come to them. When Robert of Normandy captured the sword and banner of Afdhal, a panic arose among the Saracens, and they flung

down their arms, and sought safety in flight. But Godfrey and Raymond of Toulouse lay between them and escape, and falling upon the hurrying Saracens, they slew numbers of them. Afdhal, however, managed somehow to reach Ascalon, where he hastened on board one of his ships, and set sail for Egypt at once. As the ship sailed rapidly away, Afdhal looked back at the Land he had been so certain of taking, and he contrasted in his mind his proud coming with his present wretched state —a general without an army, a soldier without a sword, a man covered with dishonour. Flinging up his arms with a very bitter cry, he exclaimed aloud, "O Nazarene, Thou hast conquered!"

No sooner were the Crusaders free from the danger of the Saracens than they fell into another which was almost worse. Quarrels broke out amongst themselves, and no man would give way to another for the sake of peace. Godfrey laid siege to Ascalon, an important Saracen seaport, which was very strongly fortified. Raymond of Toulouse wished to have it for his own, as a reward for his share of the work. Godfrey's answer was that it must always be a part of the Kingdom, as it was far too valuable to be given up to any one man. Raymond of Toulouse then went off in hot anger, taking all his men with him, and by doing this he weakened Godfrey's army so much that he had to raise the siege. Raymond marched in haste to

Arsuf, and tried to take it, but he was unsuccessful; and in his anger he determined that Godfrey, coming after him, should not succeed where he, Raymond, had failed. He therefore said to the Saracens of Arsuf, "When Godfrey the King comes, have no fear of him, for his army is so small and weak that he cannot take your town, nor do you any harm."

Having by this mean act stained his name for all time with the blackness of horrible treachery, Raymond of Toulouse marched away in haste from Arsuf, not caring to meet Godfrey too soon afterwards.

Godfrey was not far behind him. He arrived to find that the Saracen governor of Arsuf knew exactly all his weakness, and the mocking of the Saracens upon the walls was very hard indeed to bear. Moreover, they captured one of his best Knights, Sir Gerard d'Avesnes, and thrust him out upon the city walls, bound to a wooden cross, while they threatened first to torture and then kill him if Godfrey persisted in trying to take Arsuf.

"Take no thought for me!" cried Gerard aloud from his cross. "It is but one life against the Kingdom's good. Heed it not at all!"

But Godfrey raised the siege, partly to save Gerard d'Avesnes, whose brave arm he could little spare in these days of difficulty and treachery and danger, and partly because he dared not risk his

small army in the attempt. By and bye Gerard was released, and returned to his friends in safety, though with many hurts; and Godfrey rewarded him by making him Sieur, or Lord, of St. Abraham —as the Crusaders called Hebron.

But Godfrey's anger was hot against Raymond of Toulouse for his mean and wicked deed. He wished to fight a duel with him, but the other Princes of the Crusade prevented this.

"Shame would fall upon us all," they said, "if you, the King, and such a famous Knight as Count Raymond, should fight in the sight of all men, to the confusion of ourselves and the triumph of our enemies."

Godfrey listened and gave way; his life was his own no longer; he must use it only in the service of the Kingdom. So peace was made between him and Raymond, and the army returned in triumph to Jerusalem. The sword and banner of Afdhal were hung up in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where all might see these signs of the first victory of the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem. Raymond of Toulouse, who was still greedy of power, and not at all content with what he had already, stayed only a little while longer in Jerusalem, and then went to Constantinople, where the Emperor Alexius gave him Laodicea.

Many of the Crusaders had fallen in the siege of Jerusalem, and in the fighting later, and the

new fiefs kept those great Knights who owned them fully occupied. But soon a new danger faced the victors. The Land had been won, partly by the hot haste of the Crusaders, against whose fury nothing could stand for long, and partly through the fear of the people of the country themselves of these armed men from the far West. But now, in times of quiet, the latter saw how small was the force that had mastered them, and they were determined to turn the Christians out. The Moslem peasantry refused to plant and sow, hoping in this way to starve out the Crusaders, and there was no safety in travel, except well armed and in numbers.

The ranks of the Crusaders were swelled from time to time by fresh arrivals of pilgrims, who hastened out from Europe, some to rejoice in the victory of the Christian arms, others hoping to get some share of the spoils. At Christmas, Boemond of Antioch and Baldwin of Edessa came to Jerusalem, together with Daimbert, Bishop of Pisa in Italy, who afterwards became Patriarch at Jerusalem. Their journey was a very hard one, and they suffered a good deal both from cold and from the enemy ; but Tancred, now Prince of Galilee, helped them as they passed through his lands, and they spent the winter at Jerusalem, assisting Godfrey to settle the new Kingdom.

Godfrey was not only a great soldier, but a

great law-giver, as was only to be expected from one who was descended from Charlemagne; and now, in the short times of peace that came every now and then, he made wise laws, modelled on those of the West. To the Church he was always a good friend, and he gave to the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre the rich vine-lands north of Jerusalem, and two villages (Bireh, the Beeroth of the Bible, and Ain Senia)—all which is still some of the richest and most fruitful land in Palestine. He made three Courts of Justice: the First sat under the King direct, to settle any troubles between the great lords, who were always quarrelling amongst themselves; the Second was composed of men of note and of good name, to keep the law amongst the people of the towns and the lesser gentry; the Third was for the native Christians, under native Christian judges. Slaves were allowed, whose only protection was the kindness of each one's master. The value set upon a slave was not very high; one slave was counted equal to a falcon, two slaves to a war-horse. Godfrey also gave gifts of lands to the lesser Knights who had remained with him, partly as a reward for all that they had done, and partly to persuade them to stay on in the Country; for if they were all to leave Palestine in search of riches or adventures in other places, he could not hope to keep the Land they had so hardly won. He made Baronies

of the chief districts—Jaffa, Nablus, Acre, Beyrout, Galilee, Sidon, Haifa, and Kerak; and it is strange that to this very day these parts, under the Turkish Government, follow almost the same lines as those which were mapped out by Godfrey more than nine hundred years ago. These Barons, of course, had each one his own following of Knights, squires, and men-at-arms, and when the Christian Kingdom was at its greatest it could gather three thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine Knights to the battle. Godfrey's laws were all written out by hand and richly illuminated, each sheet being sealed with the Seal of the Kingdom, and they were kept in a special casket or box in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, from which they came to be called "The Letters of the Holy Sepulchre."

Having ordered things at home as far as he was able to, the great Godfrey turned his thoughts to making strong friendships abroad, which would be of help to the Kingdom in times of trouble. Such friendships between nations and governments are called alliances, and Godfrey made a very wise alliance with the Venetians, who were then a great sea-going and trading people. A Venetian fleet came in the spring of 1100 to open up trade with the new Kingdom, and Godfrey agreed with the Venetians that if they would help him for three months they should have the third part of every town that was taken, a church and a market as

well, and free shelter in any town along the coast for all shipwrecked crews.

In the spring Godfrey took the field once more, and went up north to help Tancred to subdue Galilee, which has always been a very restless and difficult country. Marching in the hot sun, fighting continually, camping by swamps and marches that were humming with poisonous mosquitoes, (for the country was new to him, and he did not know his way about it clearly yet), Godfrey fell ill of Syrian fever. He struggled against it with no thought of himself at all, but the sickness was stronger than his courage or his will, and Godfrey died at Jaffa, on his way back to Jerusalem, on July 18, 1100. In sorrow and mourning the soldiers brought the body of their great leader up to Jerusalem, and buried him in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, under the Place of Calvary, and within a few feet of the Holy Tomb itself. His sword and spurs, and the Cross of the Kingdom, (worn also by the Kings who came after him), were hung up in the Church. They are shown to travellers to this day in the Franciscan Vestry of the Church. The sword is the straight cross-handled weapon of the Crusaders; the spurs are of some dull yellow metal, with star-shaped rowels very much bent; and the cross is of gold with a deep red carbuncle glowing in the midst of it. It is the Jerusalem Cross which the Crusaders invented; a big cross in the centre

surrounded by four smaller ones, and they gave it two beautiful meanings; one was to remind them of the Five Wounds of Christ—in His Hands, His Feet, and His Side: the other was the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem, the big cross being the Holy City itself, and the small ones the four chief Principalities belonging to it—Antioch, Edessa, Galilee, and Aleppo, or, as some say, Kerak. The Jerusalem Cross is a most beautiful one in shape; and it is wonderful to feel, as you hold this one in your hand, that Godfrey once wore it in Jerusalem. Over Godfrey's grave his people wrote in Latin the simple words:

> "Here lies Duke Godfrey de Bouillon
> Who won all this Land to the faith of Christ:
> His soul reigns with Christ.
> *Amen.*"

CHAPTER VII

THE SETTLING OF THE KINGDOM

BALDWIN I, 1100–1118

"Red gleamed the Cross and waned the Crescent pale."
BYRON.

No sooner was the great Godfrey laid to rest under Calvary, than bitter quarrels broke out once more amongst the Crusaders as to who was to succeed him. Each Knight wanted to be King, and the Patriarch Diambert was too proud and greedy a man himself to do anything but make these quarrels worse. Sir Garnier de Gray, a cousin of Godfrey's, but a Knight of little fame, seized the Tower of David, one of the strong places of the City, which commanded nearly the whole of it from its high position at the western end, and which he declared that Godfrey had promised to give him for his own. Godfrey's brother, Baldwin, was away at the time with Boemond of Antioch, fighting in Armenia; but as soon as he heard of Godfrey's death he gave over his own new Principality of Edessa to his cousin Baldwin du Bourg, and started for



The Castle of a great Crusader: Built by Raymond of Toulouse at Tripoli in 1103



Jerusalem in hot haste, with a small force of one thousand men and four hundred Knights. He was attacked on the way at the Dog River, near Beyrout, by a large Saracen force, but he defeated it, and reached Jerusalem in safety. At his coming the quarrels all died away, for it was so plain that he had not only the chief right to succeed Godfrey as King, but that he was by far the best man to do so. So Baldwin I was crowned on Christmas Day 1100, in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, because he, like his great brother, would not receive the golden crown in Jerusalem.

Baldwin was a man of great strength of body, and he was also upright, just, and wise. He was a man of few words, who kept his thoughts to himself, so that men were afraid of him, for they could not guess what was in his mind. He was quick to see what should be done, as well as firm and strong in all he did. He thought more of his royal state than Godfrey had done, and he never forgot that he was a King; neither would he allow that freedom and friendship between his Knights and himself that Godfrey had encouraged. His people were proud of their tall and noble-looking King, and if they feared him much they also trusted him. And in Baldwin the greedy and cunning Patriarch found a hard master, who saw through his smooth words, and trusted him not at all.

A story has come down to us about Baldwin which shows us what kind of man he was. He was clearing the country between Jerusalem and Ascalon of Saracens as far as he was able, and at one place, hearing of a large band of Saracen robbers who made all that part doubly unsafe, he went after them. The robbers hid in one of the great caves which are found all over Palestine. Baldwin lit fires at the entrance of the cave, meaning to smoke them out, and after a while two of the robbers crept out to make terms with him. Baldwin received them well, put a rich robe upon one of them, and sent him back to bring out his fellows. As soon as he had disappeared within the dark cavern, Balwin killed the one who had remained with him. After a while the first robber came out again, followed by ten others. Again Baldwin sent back one, and killed the ten. This time the messenger brought out thirty. One was sent back and the thirty beheaded. At last all the robbers came out, to the number of over two hundred—wild, fierce men, savage and cruel; and Baldwin had them all put to death. Then, piling up the fires to a greater heat, he waited till the wives and children of the robbers were forced to come out. Some were able to pay large sums of money for their lives; the rest, who could not pay, were put to death. Baldwin then left this scene of blood, and marched east to Jordan; but the terror of his name

was such that all men trembled before him, and simply dared not do wrong, for fear of the strong King's anger and his heavy hand.

Baldwin made an alliance with the Genoese fleet as Godfrey had done with the Venetian; and having won Cæsarea, an important seaport, with their help, he made them gifts of streets, churches, and markets in different cities. The Christian armies of Palestine were never very large, and as they were always at war, they were always wanting to be made up again. A good many English and German soldiers came out from Europe, and with their help Baldwin tried to take the forest-covered country between Jerusalem and its seaport of Jaffa. But at Ramleh, a few miles out of Jaffa, the Saracens made a sudden attack upon him, and he only escaped being captured through the help of a Saracen Emir, or Prince, whose wife Baldwin had once saved when she was in danger.

Now, the Patriarch Daimbert had never liked Baldwin, against whose strong rule he dared not openly rebel. Outwardly the two were friends, but Baldwin rightly distrusted the Patriarch, and Daimbert feared and hated the King. At last it came to an open quarrel between them, and of course the cause was money. The pilgrims, who came to Jerusalem in crowds now that it was so safe as a Christian City, brought in a great deal of money which should have gone, as most of it

was meant to go, in keeping up the Christian Kingdom. But Daimbert took for himself all that he could lay hands upon; he lived richly and luxuriously, kept a great household like a King, and did not care about the Kingdom one little bit. All this made Baldwin very angry, for he did not know where to turn for money, and often could hardly pay his own Knights and soldiers. He sent time after time to Daimbert to say that the money must be given over to him, to be used in the proper way in the service of the Kingdom. At first Daimbert said he had none to give; then, when Baldwin's anger became uncomfortably hot, he sent him two hundred marks, and said that that was all he had. But Arnold the Chancellor of the Holy Sepulchre went secretly to the King, and told him that the Treasury of the Church was full, but that the Patriarch wished to keep it all for his own use. Baldwin was furious. He forced his way into the Patriarch's private room, and found him eating off gold and silver plate. Truly, Baldwin's rage was awful to behold.

"By heaven!" he cried, "you feast and we fast: you eat the money given by the faithful! By what right dare you take to yourself the gifts made at Christ's Sepulchre by the pilgrims, while we—whose very blood has bought the City—we suffer toil and weariness and hunger! Share with us the cup of bitterness which we now drink, or,

by heaven! you shall drink no other, neither touch any more the money of the Church!"

Daimbert's guest, an Italian Cardinal, shrank away affrighted from the King as he towered over the Patriarch in his righteous wrath, but the Patriarch sullenly replied, "It is written in the Word of God that they who serve the altar shall live by the altar."

"Say you so!" thundered Baldwin. "But, by heaven! if you help me not to keep the Kingdom I will help myself!"

It was a stormy scene. Baldwin went on furiously demanding that all the contents of the Treasury should at once be given up to him, while Daimbert would only sullenly deny that he had anything to give up. At last, however, an empty peace was made between them, on the Patriarch's promising to provide thirty Knights for the service of the Kingdom, and with this Baldwin had to be content. But after a while Daimbert fell back into his old greedy, grasping ways, and at last he was openly accused of stealing, and had to fly to Antioch; and not long after his old secret enemy, Arnold the Chancellor, became Patriarch in his place.

And now sad days came upon the Crusaders, for the great leaders of the First Crusade were laying down their arms for ever. Boemond of Antioch was besieged by the Greeks and Saracens

together, and only just managed to escape by being carried through the enemy's ranks in a coffin. He went to Italy to get help, but on his way back he was taken ill, and died at Tarento, his old home (1104). Raymond of Toulouse was killed a very few months later, in February 1105, whilst besieging Tripoli. He was also Lord of St. Gilles in Palestine, a place which is now called Sinjil. Sad indeed was King Baldwin at the loss of these great men, his old friends and tried brothers-in-arms; and the loss to the Kingdom was great. Their courage had dared the First Crusade, their swords had won the Kingdom, and their wisdom had kept it in the face of many difficulties. But now, their work completed, one by one the Princes of the First Crusade laid down their arms in death.

Baldwin the King had work to do yet. He led his victorious army in turn against Tripoli, Tyre, Sidon, Beyrout, and Acre—all of them important coast-towns—and captured them all with the help of the Italian fleets. Tripoli was well given to Bertram de St. Gilles, son of that Raymond who had died in trying to take it, and it became the capital of one of the chief Principalities of the Kingdom. Baldwin also strengthened the Kingdom within itself by making great Seignories, or Baronies, under Knights who were able to hold the strong places of the Kingdom; and he built

several fine castles, whose ruins still remain. He tried always to be a wise and just ruler, and his people admired and trusted him.

Encouraged by the success of his arms in Palestine, Baldwin bethought him of conquering Egypt also; for as Egypt is the southern boundary of Palestine, it was always a gateway by which an enemy could attack the Christian Kingdom. But fever weakened the Christian army, and Baldwin, sick unto death himself, sadly gave the order to turn back. This order filled the army with grief and despair, for they knew well that nothing but a sickness to death would have persuaded Baldwin to turn his back upon a fight. Crowding into the sick King's tent, they burst into loud and selfish lamentations: "For," said they all, "if the King lead us not thither, we may have no hope of seeing Jerusalem and our friends again."

Baldwin raised himself in bed and spoke to them sternly.

"Brothers-in-arms," he said, "shall the death of one man weaken your hearts and your swords in the midst of our enemies? Remember, in God's Name, that there are yet many with you whose strength and skill are greater than mine. Quit you like men, and, sword in hand, uphold our Kingdom of Jerusalem—as indeed ye have sworn to do." After receiving their promises, which they now gave readily, being ashamed of their unmanly fears, the

King continued, "Lay not my body, I beseech you, in this strange part, but carry it to Jerusalem, and lay me there by my brother Godfrey's side."

So the army began its sad march homeward, and on the third day the King died at El Arish, a town near Gaza, on the borders of Egypt, and which is now the boundary between the Holy Land and Egypt. It is a hot and sandy part, bare and desolate, and it is little wonder that Baldwin did not wish to lie there, so far away from the City which was to every Crusader the goal of all his hopes. The soldiers preserved the body of Baldwin, and carried it back to Jerusalem, as Godfrey had been carried back, just eighteen years ago. They reached Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and the people of the City, coming out with joy to meet, as they thought, the victorious army, were met instead by the dead body of their King (1118). Baldwin was buried near Godfrey in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on his tomb the hand of some admirer wrote that he was the "Hope of his Country and the Strength of the Church." Though he had been three times married, Baldwin I left no children.

CHAPTER VIII

THE KINGDOM AT ITS HEIGHT

BALDWIN II, 1118–1131; FULKE, 1131–1144

> "See a disenchanted nation
> Springs like day from desolation;
> To Truth its state is dedicate,
> And Freedom leads it forth, her mate."
>
> SHELLEY.

BALDWIN I left the crown in his will to his brother Eustace. But Eustace was in France, and the Barons of the Kingdom were really afraid to wait all the long time till he could arrive, so they chose the dead King's cousin, Baldwin de Burgh, who had succeeded him as Count of Edessa when he took the crown of Jerusalem. Eustace, who was as unselfish as his two brothers, though not so great in other ways, raised no trouble at losing a Kingdom, as he very well might have done, but allowed the choice made to pass unquestioned, for the sake of the Kingdom.

The new King Baldwin was not a young man, but he was as brave and vigorous in character as he was tall and strong in body. He had married

an Armenian wife, and unfortunately this brought great trouble in after years upon the Kingdom. For his two daughters, Milicent and Alice, though they were beautiful women and very clever, were bad and ambitious, and they cared for nothing in life but to be rich and powerful and feared. Baldwin II was crowned at Bethlehem, and for the first two years of the new reign the Kingdom enjoyed great peace and prosperity.

About four years after Baldwin's accession, the Saracen Emir, or Prince, of Aleppo, invaded the Kingdom with a large army. He took prisoner Jocelyn of Edessa, the King's nephew, and eighty Knights; and when Baldwin set out to recover Edessa, the Emir managed to capture him also, and sent him loaded with chains to a strongly fortified city of the Saracens. When the ill news became known, fifty Armenians disguised themselves as monks, and bravely ventured into the city to try and rescue the King, who had always been kind to all Armenians for the sake of his wife. They failed, however, and Baldwin remained a prisoner for more than a year; and the fifty brave Armenians were put to a cruel death by the Saracens. Baldwin was set free at last by Jocelyn of Edessa, who killed the Emir, and sent his head to encourage the Christian army, which was having a good deal of hard fighting at the time all round Antioch, Aleppo, and Tyre. After this there came a long and much-

needed peace, which Baldwin used for the strengthening of the Kingdom in every way that he could think of. It was in his reign, we must remember, that the Order of the Knights Templars was founded, or begun, and the Hospitallers became a real fighting Order.

Baldwin's great trouble was that he had no son to succeed him, and his two daughters were such proud and greedy women that no one could have borne their rule for any length of time, and he knew that it was of no use to hope that the Barons would allow either of them to reign after him. So it seemed to Baldwin that the best thing he could do for the Kingdom would be to marry one of his daughters to a strong and good Knight, who should succeed him on the throne and rule the Kingdom well. Alice, the elder daughter, married Boemond of Antioch, the son of the Boemond of the First Crusade. Though he was so young, Boemond gave promise of being as great as his father, but unfortunately he died soon after, leaving one little daughter, Constance, to succeed him as Lady of the great, unrestful Principality. By the law of the Kingdom the little Constance was the ward, or charge, of the King her grandfather until she came of age, which the Letters of the Holy Sepulchre had fixed at twelve years old for a woman if she married at that age, but if she did not, she was considered to be under age until she was

sixty! But Alice made up her mind to be the real ruler of Antioch herself, for she was greedy of power and jealous even of her own child. She therefore made a secret treaty, or agreement, with Zanghi the Saracen, who was Sultan of Egypt, to help her against her own father. Luckily the people of Antioch refused to join her in her rebellion, and so her evil tricks were found out and stopped in time. Baldwin the King was so angry at the whole thing that it is said to have shortened his life, and he died rather suddenly at Jerusalem in the winter of 1131, soon after his return from Antioch, where he had been to settle matters after Alice's treachery was found out.

Baldwin's other daughter, Milicent, he had married to Fulke, Count of Anjou, who had come out to the Holy Land as a pilgrim, and had stayed on at Jerusalem. Fulke was about forty years old when he married Milicent. He had been married before, and had one son, that Geoffrey Plantagenet who married the Empress Matilda, daughter of Henry I of England, some years before Fulke came out to Jerusalem. The son of Geoffrey Plantagenet and Matilda was afterwards our Henry II, who was the father of Richard I, the Lion-Heart, England's great Crusader. So here the history of England begins to touch the history of the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem: and perhaps it was from his great-grandfather Fulke that

Richard Cœur-de-Lion inherited the love and desire for Jerusalem that made him take the Cross and fight so sturdily for her.

When Baldwin II died, Fulke the Pilgrim succeeded him as King of Jerusalem, as had been the wish of Baldwin. Unlike the first three Kings, who had all been big men, Fulke of Anjou was small and slight, with red hair and blue eyes; but like them he was brave and wise, generous as well as just. He had but one fault, said his people who loved him, and that was that he had such a bad memory! He never remembered either a face or a name, and so he would receive a man one day with all honour and friendship, and make him many fair promises which he really meant to keep, and the next day pass him by without even remembering his face. No wonder that, as a writer of his own time complained, "men who counted on their friendship with the King fell into confusion" when they found themselves quite overlooked and forgotten. But in spite of this fault—and it was a very trying one for a King to have—Fulke was a good and clever King, who really did his best for the people; and under him the Kingdom rose to its fullest glory, and at his death it began to die. For Fulke had the mind of the first Kings in that he set the honour and the good of the Kingdom above his own; and after him came Kings who were foolish and weak and often selfish as well.

Unfortunately his wife, Milicent, was not a good woman, and her bad deeds troubled the King and the Kingdom for some years, and in the end brought shame upon both.

Fulke had not been King many years before the Sultan Zanghi of Egypt and the Greek Emperor joined together to attack Antioch; and though Fulke fought bravely, he had to give up one of his best fortresses to the enemy—a loss he felt most bitterly. However five years later he joined with the Damascenes (the people of Damascus, which some say is the oldest city in the world), and recovered another very valuable stronghold from Zanghi, who did not venture to attack Fulke again.

Being left at peace, Fulke was able to turn his thoughts to the enriching of the Kingdom, which the first Kings had had no time to do. He built three strong castles on the southern frontier, which stopped the Egyptian Saracens from invading the Kingdom from that side, and two on the east. The ruins of some of these castles can still be seen. He was not by any means as great a soldier or King as the three men who had worn the crown of Jerusalem before him, but he was brave and wise, and he knew well how to keep and to increase what they had gained. Under Fulke the Kingdom was richer than it was at any other time, either before his day or after it. The streets of



A great Fortress of the Crusaders: Ruins of Kerak, in Moab
Fortified in 1142

From a photograph.



Jerusalem ran, broad and clean, between noble and stately buildings with richly-carved fronts and doorways—Churches, convents, hospices, and the private houses of Knights and Barons. Here moved the busy crowds, prosperous and gaily dressed. Moslem peasants in their bright and picturesque dress brought in their fruit and vegetables from the country on camel or on donkey-back, as they do to-day. Sleek merchants from all parts of the world, easy and secure under the good rule of Fulke, drove hard bargains in the wares of many lands—in furs from Siberia, and horses from Syria and Cyprus; in china and silks from China; in vases of painted marble from far-off Mecca; in slaves from Russia and Armenia; in pearls from the Persian Gulf; in glass from Hebron (they make glass to-day in Hebron, as they did in the twelfth century); in ostrich feathers from the burning deserts; in rich enamels and tiles from Damascus, Antioch, and Tripoli; such tiles as still adorn the Mosque of Omar and the Armenian Church at Jerusalem. Knights and nobles and soldiers, shining in armour, or dressed in the rich robes that showed their high estate, passed through the crowded streets; high-born ladies, walking with dainty feet over the hard stone pavings; every race and every language was at home in Jerusalem in the reign of Fulke.

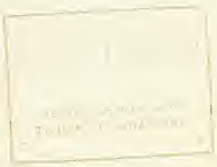
There were fifteen Latin Churches in the City,

and nine on the Mount of Olives, not counting those of other nations, but the centre of the life of the City was the noble old Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to save which the Crusaders had come, and which they loved and guarded with such jealous care. Within it arose by day and night the sweet smell of incense, the chanting of priest and choir, and the prayers of pilgrims and of strangers. The Church was rich with pictures and decorations, and stained-glass windows that gleamed like jewels set high in the thick walls; silver lamps shone like clusters of stars in its dark corners and recesses; and the clang of armed feet was never silent as Knights and men-at-arms passed in and out. The memory of the Crusaders, their prayers and deeds, still seems to cling to this wonderful old Church, telling us how much they loved it in their day. Under the Place of Calvary were buried the three first Kings, Godfrey being in the middle; their graves were an ever-present reminder to the worshippers of the great dead who had won the City. In fact Godfrey was never forgotten while the Kingdom lasted, and every year the anniversary of his death (July 18th) was kept solemnly in Jerusalem, "with plenteous giving of alms in the great Church" (of the Holy Sepulchre) "as himself had arranged while yet alive." The day of the taking of Jerusalem (July 15th) was also kept, but with rejoicings and thanksgivings. Some lines were



STANDARD BEARERS AND TRUMPETERS OF A SARACEN ARMY ON THE MARCH

From an ancient Saracen Manuscript at Paris.



written or carved over the door of the Church about this great anniversary:

> "One thousand and one hundred years save one[1]
> Since Blessed Mary bore her glorious Son;
> When rose upon July its fifteenth sun
> By Frankish might Jerusalem was won."

The pictures of the three Kings in glass and mosaic, with those of many saints and prophets of the Bible, were put up in the Church, though coloured glass was very rare even in European Churches in those days. The epitaph, or writing, on the tomb of Baldwin I praised him as a "second Judas Maccabeus, and his Country's hope, the Church's pride and strength."

All around the Church there were then, as there are now, the busiest streets of the City; the Markets for spices, silver, and silks, for herbs, and meat and grain; the street called Malquisnat, where the pilgrims' food was cooked, and they themselves were obliged to wash before going on to the Church; and in one street, not far from the Church, called Patriarch's Street, was the Palace of the Kings. It is now the house of the Greek Patriarch, and is built on both sides of the street, whose narrow breadth is crossed by an arch having a room on top. Even now the house is very large; but when the Kings lived there a hundred men could

[1] That is in 1099.

be put up without any difficulty. In the shady corners of the Markets there were fortune-tellers and conjurers, wild, strange-looking men from the deserts of Egypt or the far Sudan, who shook out little heaps of sand upon a flat stone, and drew in it curious signs and figures with their finger-tips. They could read in the sand the fortunes of the people, who asked them, half-laughing, yet half-believing, too; or see the future in some dark liquid like ink, held in the hollow of the hand—just as to-day in Jerusalem fortunes are read in sand and in ink. And in the back streets of the City, which were so dark and narrow and mysterious-looking, lived regular old witches, who sold love-potions and charms, and medicines made from mandrakes, and roots, and herbs, and powdered pearls, all of which things were said to work real wonders, and for which those who believed in them paid very highly indeed, we may be sure. Then, to the thin exciting note of the Syrian bag-pipes and reed flutes, a brown bear, torn when a cub from his home on Mount Hermon of the snows, would slowly and heavily rise on his hind legs and dance for the amusement of the passers-by, poked at with long sticks by some, perhaps, and laughed at, for certain, by all. And animals—all animals, but especially wild ones—do so hate being laughed at, quite as much as we do.

Through these bright and busy streets the King

would often ride, his small, slight figure mounted on the swift Syrian horses he loved and rode on to his death, and his bright-red hair marking him out amongst his train, his keen eyes glancing here and there, seeing every face and yet remembering so few; while his quick brain was busy all the time with the cares of this strange Kingdom, which seemed so strong and so great. And the people loved and trusted him as not even Godfrey the hero and the conqueror had been trusted. Godfrey was too high and good a man for the rough soldiers he had led ever to really understand; but Fulke, with his merry ways, his wise head, and quick strong hand, was one whom all could follow and admire, and he shared the life of his people as the first Kings had never done. The mistrustful Saracen trader, the wild Bedouin from the desert, came without fear to Jerusalem, and knew that under Fulke their ways were safe to come and go, and their lives, too, in the City of the Christians.

Not only in Jerusalem was there richness and comfort and peace. All through the Land noble castles and churches had sprung up. In Acre, Antioch, Tyre, and Sidon the Crusaders built real palaces and roofed them inside with costly cedar of Lebanon. Through the streets, which were shaded from the hot sun by coloured awnings, walked the proud lords and barons in almost royal state, with

golden coronets upon their heads, each of them like a King with his following of soldiers and Knights and servants; even their war-horses were gay with trappings of gold and silver. Floors of marble and mosaic, ceilings painted in bright colours, rich carpets from Persia, and curtains and pillows of silk from Damascus, made their castles lovely within, though from outside they might look grim enough to frighten away any attack; and on the flat stone roofs and battlements the ladies walked in gowns of many wonderful colours, rich with jewels and with gold. In the middle of the castles were courtyards, which were kept cool and fresh by fountains and shaded by vines trained over trellises, and by lemon and pomegranate and cypress trees; while here and there in the City were gardens, full of the wonderful flowers and trees of Palestine. "The Holy Land flourished like a garden of delight," wrote a pilgrim, full of praise and wonder at what he saw as he travelled through it. "The wildernesses were so fat (he means fruitful) that where dragons and serpents once had their dwellings, there were now green reeds and cane."

Knights and ladies dressed very richly and in bright colours in time of peace, and kept high state in the great castles. In war-time the Crusaders' armour consisted of a hauberk, or coat, of chain-mail, with leggings of the same; a heavy close-fitting helmet of steel, with nose and neck-pieces, covered

the head; while the shield was of thick wood, covered with leather, and over that bands of steel. On these shields were painted (or, as it was called, emblazoned) the arms of the Knight. They used spears, swords, and bows in battle. Richard Cœur-de-Lion's favourite weapon was the terrible iron mace that few could even lift, so great was the weight of it, but which he used so easily and so mightily. The soldiers of the Christian Kingdom never gave up their heavy armour, and though of course it protected them wonderfully well they also found it very hot and heavy in the East, and often the men were tired out by the very weight of their armour, marching in the hot sun, before they began to fight. The Saracens, who wore very little armour, and that of the lightest kind, did not suffer nearly so much; nor did their horses, untroubled by great weights upon their backs. The Saracens used curved swords something like scythes, which were called scimitars, while the Crusaders kept to the long straight blade that they understood best how to use. But both Saracens and Crusaders loved to have their swords made of the wonderful steel of Damascus, which was famous then all over the world, and is still remembered. The blade had curious streaks upon it like water, which were made by twisting iron and steel together in strips, and beating them out into one solid piece. When the blade was red-hot the armourer of Damascus would

take it and plunge it hissing into the cold waters of the river Barada (which is called Abana in the Bible); and their boast was that nothing could ever break a sword which had been cast in the forges of Damascus and cooled in the Barada. Both Crusaders and Saracens used music when going into battle, the Christians having horns, pipes, and trumpets, and the Saracens cymbals and sometimes drums. When Khartoum was taken by the English and Egyptian troops in 1898 a good deal of Crusading and Saracen armour was found amongst the Dervishes, which, having lasted all those hundreds of years, was still as good as ever for use, and which many of them had put on to fight in. After the battle of Omdurman, and when the Sudan was safe and open to the rest of the world, chain hauberks and steel helmets, shields and cross-handled swords, which had first seen use in many battles in Palestine eight and nine hundred years ago, made their way down the Nile, and came into the markets of Egypt, Palestine, and Europe.

Coins were struck at Acre, having on one side the words in Arabic, "God is One," and on the other, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." These are still found in Palestine.

The Christian Kingdom had many sports and amusements, as well as much fighting, to exercise it. The Western Knights had brought with them their hawks and hounds, and there was big game

in the Land as well as small; they hunted bears and leopards and wild boar, and for smaller game, swift gazelles and hares. Sometimes they hunted with cheetahs and leopards, as the Saracens did; and in times of peace Christians and Saracens went out hunting together in all friendship and good sportsmanship. In the evenings, seated by windows set wide to let in the cool night breeze, or in winter by blazing fires of sweet-smelling olive-wood, oak, and pine, they told the old Western tales from home—of King Arthur, Beowulf, Roland and the Peers of France, and Charlemagne, and of the great deeds of valour performed by the Leaders of the First Crusade. Great feasts they had, too, when the long tables were heavy with gold and silver plate, and the minstrels played sweetly in the gallery.

Certainly the Crusaders found Palestine a mighty pleasant Land to live in, and were very well content —too well content, perhaps—to settle there for good and all. "Consider," wrote a pilgrim, who came to the Holy Land about this time, "how the West has been turned into the East; how he who was of the West has become of the East; he who was Roman or Frank has become here a Galilean or an inhabitant of Palestine; he who was a citizen of Rheims or of Chartres is become a citizen of Tyre or of Antioch. The stranger has become the native, the pilgrim the resident; day by day our

relations come from the West and stay with us. Those who were poor at home God has made rich here. Why should he who finds the East so fortunate return again to the West?" That was the trouble. The Christians were already beginning to forget their own colder lands, and to dislike the idea of returning to what were, perhaps, harder lives at home; and there is no blessing for a man who deserts or forgets his own country only for the sake of gain. "Men of every tribe and every nation came there. They came in crowds from beyond the sea, especially from Genoa, Venice, and Pisa. But the greatest number came from France and Germany," says our pilgrim; and he goes on to say that the Italians were more courageous at sea, and the French and Germans on land. "The Germans, the Franks, and the English are less deceitful, less careful, but more daring than the Italians; less sober, more generous; less wise and careful; more devout, more generous, more courageous; therefore they are considered more useful for the defence of the Holy Land, and more to be feared against the Saracens." I have altered some of the words of the old writer (who liked to use the very longest ones he could find), but it is nice to know that all those years ago England gave her best to help the Christian Kingdom. Perhaps it was these English Crusaders who, being "generous, devout and courageous," first made good the saying

that is still alive in Palestine, and which makes us proud in hearing it spoken now—"On the word of an Englishman it is true."

We must never think that the Crusaders were rough, lawless, savage people; they counted amongst them the best and noblest of Europe, and it was not a set of barbarians who won the Kingdom of Jerusalem, and ordered it so wisely for over eighty years. Palestine was richer, more prosperous, and more content under the Crusaders' rule than at any other time in all her history. But as the Christians grew richer, and left off the hardy habits they had brought with them from home, they came to care too much for ease and comfort and riches; and this, with the numbers of mean and selfish men who hurried out to the East wanting only to get rich, was what made the Kingdom weak, and in the end brought it to its fall.

But in the day of Fulke there was no sign of coming trouble. Everywhere there was ease and comfort, wealth and prosperity, and there was little sign of coming trouble to disquiet his people. Small expeditions against the Saracens, or against robbers who still troubled the Land in parts, kept the Crusaders' swords in use, from time to time, and as these were usually successful, they only added to their contentment and self-satisfaction.

Fulke did not at all trust his wife's sister, Alice of Antioch, for he remembered how false she had

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been to her own father, King Baldwin; and as she was beginning to be restless and troublesome again, he thought of a way in which he could keep her quiet. It was not a very good way, but it answered his purpose. He sent to Europe to a Knight he had known there in the old days, Raymond of Poitou, and invited him to come out and marry the little Constance of Antioch, who was now about twelve years of age. Raymond was only too ready to do this, for Constance was one of the chief people in the Kingdom, as Antioch was one of its richest provinces. Fulke thought that he would find a good husband for his little niece, who would also be a strong defender and ruler for Antioch, but no one seems to have thought at all about Constance herself and her wishes in the matter.

Now, Fulke knew very well that Alice would never let the power pass out of her hands into those of any other, so he tricked her in a way that was not quite worthy of a King. He told her that Raymond of Poitou was coming out to marry her, and never even breathed the name of Constance in connection with Raymond's coming. Alice was delighted, though she had been married twice already, for she thought it would mean more power for her, and she looked out eagerly for the stranger's arrival. But when Raymond did come, the Patriarch of Antioch, who had had his secret orders

from the King beforehand, married him at once to the child Constance. Alice was furiously angry, especially at the trick that had deceived her, but she could not undo the marriage. Everyone was glad that Fulke had got the better of her; Fulke himself was laughing at her, and altogether it was too much for her pride to bear. She left Antioch, and from that day she troubled the province and the Kingdom no more. In fact, Fulke had cut her claws, and she was robbed of all power to do any more harm. It was a pity for the Kingdom that Fulke was never able to put a stop to Milicent's power for working mischief.

The first great blow to the peace of the Kingdom was the sudden death of Fulke himself at Acre. He was walking one day outside the City walls with Milicent the Queen, when he put up a hare in the long grass. He was ever a keen hunter, and calling for his horse and lance he set off in hot pursuit; but the horse caught its foot in a hole hidden in the grass and fell, throwing the King with such force that his skull was cracked. Sadly his people carried him to the City, where he lay for four days quite unconscious, and then, to their deep sorrow, he died. Fulke's two sons, Baldwin and Amaury, were only thirteen and seven years of age when he died. Each of them was destined in turn to wear the thorny crown of Jerusalem, to

his own sorrow and the undoing of the Kingdom; and the Kingdom was thus left in the weak hands of a boy of thirteen, and of his mother, a clever, selfish, and ambitious woman, who cared nothing for either King or Kingdom — Milicent the Armenian.

CHAPTER IX

THE SECOND CRUSADE

BALDWIN III, 1144–1162

"This mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land."

SCOTT.

BALDWIN III, the eldest son of Fulke and Milicent, became King of Jerusalem at the age of thirteen. He was a plucky, generous-hearted boy, tall and broad like the first Kings, but full of fun like his father; fond of all outdoor sports and exercise, and fond, too, of books, and especially of histories. His manner, which was courteous and friendly, yet always full of royal dignity, won him the hearts of his people; and, unlike his father, he had the royal gift of never forgetting a face or a name. He grew from a bright, high-spirited boy into a man of clean and upright life. His great faults were his passion for dicing and gambling; but it could never be said of Baldwin III that he forgot a service or deserted a friend, and only once that

he broke a trust. If Fulke, the wise and merry King, had lived to see his son grow up, and to train him to wear what was surely the heaviest crown in all Christendom, they two between them might have brought the Kingdom to a lasting greatness; but the boy of thirteen was not able to do it by himself. To begin with, he was hindered in every way from the first day of his reign by his mother Milicent, who insisted on being crowned with him in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as regent. Proud and crafty, Milicent was no good helper to her open-minded son, and she could have done so much to strengthen his hands; but she suspected everyone because she herself was not straight, and she filled the mind of Baldwin with mean and horrid doubts of everyone around him, until the boy knew not whom to trust. And a man who does not trust others is never served well by them. Again, men remembered all the trouble she had brought upon the Kingdom in the past, and they could never trust her freely, for all her fair words and her present good behaviour.

Directly Fulke's hand was off the Kingdom, and she herself regent, Milicent gave as much power as she could into the hands of her fellow-countrymen; and she persuaded Baldwin III, (as she had sometimes been able to persuade Fulke), to give posts of honour and wealth to Armenians. These Armenians

often treated the people under them very badly, especially the patient and hard-working peasants, by taxing them unfairly, and by taking the same taxes from them more than once. For all these things Milicent was blamed and hated by the people. They also thought that the young King was too much under her power, and so they were afraid to trust him entirely either. It was this feeling on the part of his people that prevented Baldwin from doing any really useful work for the Kingdom.

The two young Sieurs, or Lords, Jocelyn of Edessa and Raymond of Antioch, had somehow come to have each a bitter jealousy of the other; and they spent all their time in trying to spite each other, more like two naughty boys than the heads of the two chief Principalities of the Kingdom. Jocelyn was a foolish, vain, and light-minded youth, who should have been busy in strengthening his country; for Zanghi, the terrible Sultan of Egypt, was preparing for war, and Edessa lay right in his path, so that he must either pass it by or take it on his way to Jerusalem. But Jocelyn thought far more of teasing Raymond than of sharpening his sword; and he laughed at his Knights when they warned him of the danger that was coming nearer every day. A most unlovely person was this Jocelyn, both in mind and body; weak, false, and idle. And in the winter of 1144, Zanghi of Egypt appeared before the walls of Edessa with

a great army. Jocelyn in a terrible fright sent messengers here and there for help, even to his old enemy Raymond of Antioch. But Raymond refused to help him, putting his private quarrel with Jocelyn above the service of the Kingdom. The young King Baldwin was a boy, not long since crowned; and when his mother ordered the army in his name to march to the help of Edessa, the soldiers refused as one man to obey an order given by the woman whom the whole country hated and distrusted. There was no help for Jocelyn anywhere, and he himself was as useless in war as a baby, and far more troublesome to those about him.

Zanghi took Edessa with very little trouble, and not much loss. He undermined the great towers of the city—that is, he dug deep under their foundations—and, as the earth was taken away, the stones were held up with great beams of wood; when all was ready the beams would be set on fire. For twenty-two days this went on, then suddenly the great towers fell crashing to the ground; the fierce soldiers of Zanghi rushed in, killing all they found without mercy. As the Crusaders had treated the Saracens at the taking of Jerusalem in 1099, so were they treated now by Zanghi at the fall of Edessa.

Great was the grief of the Christian Kingdom, and of Europe, too, when the fall of Edessa was

known. In every place men feared when they heard that the army of the Cross had been beaten by the Saracens, and they feared the name of Zanghi more and more. But it happened that Zanghi was murdered the following year by his own slaves; and hope began to rise once more in the hearts of the Christians.

Meanwhile, the young King, boy though he was, was proving his mettle by two campaigns. One, carried out in the wild country beyond Jordan, was quite successful, though it was a small affair; the other, though it ended in loss and trouble, yet showed that Baldwin III had the spirit of the old Kings in him. The Armenian governor of the Saracen town of Bozrah, in the Hauran, (which is the rich corn-land beyond Damascus), came secretly to Jerusalem, and offered to deliver up the town with which he was entrusted to the Christians, if they made it worth his while to do so. The offer was eagerly welcomed by the Christians, for it would be something to have Bozrah though Edessa was lost. No doubt Milicent, too, was very anxious that this offer, made by a fellow-countryman of her own, should be accepted. It would seem that men were always ready enough to fight in those days, for Baldwin gathered an army quite easily, and went with it; for though, as King, he was leader in name, he was too young really to command it.

The march was full of difficulties and hardships.

The Saracens, lightly armed and mounted on fleet horses, hung upon them on all sides, and worried them with showers of arrows by day and by night. Water was scarce, and often too bad to drink. After four days of this, the Christians, (every one of whom, and also their horses, had been wounded more or less badly by the darts of the Saracens), came in sight of Bozrah, and camped for the night in view of it; meaning to attack it on the morrow when they were a little rested.

So they lay down to dream of victory; but at midnight a messenger from the town arrived secretly, and was taken to the young King's tent. He brought bad news, for he said that the wife of the Armenian governor had vowed that she at least would have no share in the treachery of her husband, and that she had warned the Saracens of the coming of the Christians. The Saracens were now occupying the town in great strength, and were all on the alert.

"Let us go back!" was the cry then, through all the Christian camp. "We cannot take the town now, and if we stay here the Saracens will fall upon us. Why should we perish?"

But the nobler minds amongst them mastered the fears of the lesser men. "Christians cannot turn their backs upon Saracens," said the Knights, "but we must surely save our King. Let him take the horse of John Gomane, which is the

fleetest in our camp, and get back to Jerusalem in safety. Later on he can avenge our deaths."

Baldwin struck in, in hot and generous anger. He would have none of this. What did they take him for—him, the King! If his army remained, so would he; was it for the King to leave his soldiers in any difficulty? The Knights gave way; they could not but admire and love the high-spirited boy of fourteen.

At dawn the Christian army began the homeward march. The wounded, and even the dead, were bound upon the backs of the horses and of the baggage-mules and camels, so that the enemy might not know how much the Christians had suffered from their attacks. It was very hot; water there was none; the army was half choked by the clouds of dust it raised as it marched over the dry heavy ground; and still all around them hung the tormenting Saracens, with their stinging flights of arrows. The Christians kept good order in spite of everything; and the fact that there were no dead, or even wounded (as they thought), amongst them, puzzled the Saracens very much, and made them afraid to attack the full army at close quarters. Instead, they set fire to the dry stubble and brushwood which springs up everywhere in Palestine, and the wind blew the flames and smoke in the very faces of the Christians. Now the men could bear no more,

and they cried to Archbishop Robert of Nazareth, who marched with them, "Father, pray for us! We can bear no more! Pray for us, in the name of the True Cross which you carry in our midst!"

And as the Archbishop prayed, suddenly the wind changed, and the smoke and flames blew backwards into the faces of the Saracens instead. But even so, the faces and hands of the Christians were already black with the smoke, their eyes were smarting, and their throats dry and parched with the dust, and heat, and thirst. They were almost at the end of their courage.

Then the Christians sent a message of truce to the pursuing Saracens; but the only one who knew the language was a Knight, whom some of his companions thought to be untrue to his side.

"Do you swear to deal truly in this?" said the Barons, as they charged him with their message to the Saracens. "Will you faithfully repeat our words to the enemy, and as faithfully tell us again what their answer is?"

"You suspect me unjustly," said the Knight with bitterness. "I will do what you ask of me. If I am guilty of treachery may I never return to you! Let me perish at the hands of our enemy!"

They sent him; and before he had gone many yards he fell dead, shot through and through with Saracen arrows.

This hope being now at an end, the Christians pressed doggedly on. As they passed by Damascus, the Emir of that city sent messengers to invite them in, to rest and refresh themselves. The Christians, worn out, sick, and disheartened, longed to enter that lovely city, with its cool rivers and fountains, and its great belt of green surrounding the walls for over a mile on all sides; "the Paradise on earth," as the Prophet Mohammed had called it in his day. But after taking counsel amongst themselves, they all agreed that they dared not trust the Emir's word; and so they pressed on. Then, say the Christian writers of that day, there appeared to them the good Knight St. George, and showed them a road which was unknown to the enemy, and by which they could escape.

So at last they reached Jerusalem in safety, though not, perhaps, in much honour; and the people came out with joy to welcome the King. "This our son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found!" they sang as he rode, sadly enough, through the crowds in the streets to his home.

The whole expedition had been a mistake. To gain an advantage through the treachery of the Armenian governor would never even have entered Godfrey's mind; but the whole spirit of the Christian Kingdom was much lower now. The only good thing about it all was that the young Baldwin

had proved himself a boy of fine and manly courage. The miserable failure of the expedition was laid by the people at Milicent's door; and they hated her the more bitterly for it, without trying to find out whether she were really in fault or not.

The Christian countries of Europe were sorely troubled at the loss of Edessa. It was a double danger, first to the Kingdom, of which it was an outpost, and secondly to Europe; for if the Saracen Turks got hold of Jerusalem, it would leave them free to try for Europe itself. Out of this fear arose the Second Crusade. It was preached by St. Bernard of Clairvaux, and was composed only of Germans under Conrad, King of the Romans, and French under Louis VII of France. Louis, in a fit of wickedness, had set fire with his own hand to a Church at Vitry, in which perished thirteen hundred people—all his own subjects; and he took the Cross as a penance for this awful deed. Unfortunately the chief Knights and leaders of the Crusade brought with them their wives, and these had with them the women of their households; so that the whole army was very much hindered by the presence of so many women, and all their baggage. And in the end, whether by sickness, or by the enemy's attacks, the unfortunate women all perished; and Eleanor of Aquitaine, the wife of Louis (she who afterwards married our King Henry II, and was the mother of Richard Cœur-

de-Lion), was the only one who reached the Holy Land alive, with her ladies.

The Crusaders stayed at Antioch a long time; for Eleanor of Aquitaine was cousin to Raymond of Antioch, and he kept them there by one excuse after another, hoping to reap some good for himself from the presence of this army and the great King of France. At last a very urgent message from Milicent at Jerusalem brought the Crusaders from Antioch to Acre, where Baldwin met them; and the three Kings held a great council together with their chief men. It was a pity that instead of trying to recover Edessa, which was what they had really come out to do, they made up their minds to try and take Damascus and its rich country all round; and more foolishly still they set out to do it in the fierce heat of July. The Emir of Damascus at that time was one Eyub, the father of the great Saladin who afterwards fought against Richard I. The Templars advised an attack, but the Kings thought differently; so they tried to take the city by surprise, and were hopelessly defeated. After which the whole Crusade beat a most unworthy retreat. The Templars were accused of treachery and greed, but no one could prove it against them; though no doubt there was very little honour or faith left in the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem by now.

No sooner were the Crusaders out of the Land

than Nur-ed-din (the name means Light of the Faith: he was a very fine man), the Sultan of Aleppo and Damascus, invaded the Province of Antioch, captured many of its castles, and finally killed the Count, Raymond. It was all that King Baldwin could do to keep Antioch for the Kingdom during his lifetime. The Kingdom was getting smaller and weaker. Edessa was gone, Antioch was very unsafe, only Tripoli remained untouched; and to the fierce attacks of the Saracens from without, was added the worse danger of quarrels, jealousy, and treachery within. A great deal of the trouble seemed to come from Milicent. She wanted so much, and she cared nothing for anyone else, not even for her son and his Kingdom. She was determined to keep Jerusalem for her own, and she openly defied her son. At last Baldwin had to besiege her in the Tower of David, where she had shut herself in; and very likely he would have taken both her and it, if the Patriarch had not made peace between the royal mother and son. Milicent was given Nablous for her lifetime, to which beautiful town she retired at once, and where she died about twelve years later.

A touch of brightness and success came to the Kingdom in the capture of Ascalon, that most important seaport, which Baldwin took after four months' siege. Baldwin gave generous terms to the prisoners, and gave them guides to take them

across the desert to Egypt. It was not his fault that these poor people afterwards perished through the treachery of a guide.

About this time Baldwin's young cousin Constance of Antioch, being now a widow while still a girl in age, surprised everyone by marrying a poor and unknown Knight, of the name of Renaud de Chatillon. Baldwin was very glad, as Antioch badly needed a strong hand to keep it against the attacks of the Saracens; but the Patriarch of Antioch, for some reason, was extremely angry at the marriage, and spread abroad a great many stories about Renaud. De Chatillon was naturally very angry, and he took a rather mean revenge; for he pretended to have forgiven the Patriarch, and invited him to be his guest; and when he had got hold of him, he covered the Patriarch's bald head with honey, and fastened him up outside, where the wasps stung his poor bald head very badly indeed. The whole Kingdom was in a laugh about it, and the poor Patriarch had to give up his charge and leave Antioch for good.

Peace for four years followed the taking of Ascalon; and during this time of quiet Renaud de Chatillon very meanly made an attack upon the Island of Cyprus, for no reason at all except greed; and he murdered and plundered from shore to shore. Baldwin, too, did the only mean deed that can be told against him, for he broke faith with

some Saracen and Arab shepherds whom he had allowed to feed their flocks and herds on the rich Mountains of Lebanon. They were quiet and peaceable people, but Baldwin was heavily in debt when one of his friends suggested this evil plan to him; and the King himself, with a few followers, went to the Lebanon, killed the shepherd-tribes without mercy, and returned to Jerusalem rich in the plunder of their flocks, horses, and other possessions.

Nur-ed-Din, who was almost as much feared by the Kingdom as Zanghi had been, attacked the Castle of Banias, which was held by the Knights Hospitallers. Baldwin marched to their relief, and Nur-ed-Din raised the siege, and retreated swiftly, drawing on Baldwin in pursuit of him; until near Lake Huleh (in north Galilee) he surprised the Christian army. Baldwin, with a handful of men, just managed to escape to the Castle of Safed, which was the nearest place of refuge; the rest of his men were either killed or kept as slaves by their Saracen conquerors. Amongst the first were eighty-seven Templars, whose death was a great loss indeed to the Kingdom. Fortunately for Baldwin and his crown, a small French army arrived unexpectedly not very long after this defeat; and with the help of this force Baldwin was able to drive the Saracens out of Tripoli and Antioch, and also, to the great surprise of both sides, to defeat them really badly at Damascus.

These small victories only helped to keep the Kingdom alive; they could not save it; for the Kingdom itself was fast rotting away to its fall through the selfishness, greed, and jealousy of its own Knights and rulers. Though Baldwin was a good man himself, he was not strong enough to change things. When the Knights Hospitallers quarrelled with the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and revenged themselves by ringing the bells of their Church just opposite whenever the Patriarch went into the Holy Sepulchre to take service, so that no one could hear a single word that was said, Baldwin could do nothing with either side. And it was the same in every difficulty; Baldwin was ready to do everything, and he was not strong enough to do anything.

In 1162 Baldwin visited Antioch, and on his return he fell ill, and died at Beyrout. He was only thirty-two years old, but he was glad to go, for the eighteen years of his reign had been full of trouble and disappointment. Two years before his death he had married Theodora, the niece of the Emperor of Constantinople; she, poor child, was only thirteen at the time, but she brought a great deal of money with her, which was badly wanted for the Kingdom. Beyond this she was no possible help either to Baldwin or to Jerusalem, which she filled with tales of the selfish and ease-loving life she led. Baldwin died, leaving the

Kingdom weak and shaken; the Knights and Barons for ever quarrelling with each other; the Church against everything that came in the way of its getting richer; and a strong and eager enemy almost at the gate. His people mourned for him truly. Perhaps they guessed that even sadder days were coming upon the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem.

CHAPTER X

THE KINGDOM ON THE WANE

AMAURY, 1162–1174.
BALDWIN IV, the Leper, 1174–1185.
BALDWIN V, 1185–1186.

"Where wise men are not strong:
Where comfort turns to trouble:
Where just men suffer wrong.
Where sorrow treads on joy:
Where sweetest things soon cloy:
Where faiths are built on dust:
Where Love is half mistrust."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AMAURY, the younger brother of Baldwin III, succeeded him without any real trouble, though just at first the Knights and Barons could not make up their minds to choose him. For Amaury was not at all liked by the people. He was a very fat, heavy, silent man, who seldom spoke, and never laughed; he stammered a little in his speech, too; and was cold both in heart and in temper. He was not a good man, either, as Baldwin had been, and he was something of a miser in his money affairs. But because he had always given much to the Church, and seemed to be really afraid of themselves, the Patriarch and clergy insisted on

his being chosen; and at length he was crowned in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Now, no sooner was Amaury made King, than he suddenly changed all his ways. Instead of giving to the Church, he taxed it well for the uses of the Kingdom; he was no longer afraid of the anger of the clergy, but snapped his fingers at their rage. Therefore the Church joined with the rest of the Kingdom in disliking the new King, only rather more, perhaps, because of being so disappointed in him. King Amaury found himself very much alone, and he turned more and more to the thing he most cared for, and that was reading. He read a great deal, and he was well learned in history and in law; but he had very few friends, and even those who were oftenest with him could not really love the cold, silent, heavy man, who seemed to care only for his books, his money, and his food.

Amaury was married to Agnes, daughter of the Count of Edessa, and had three children, Baldwin, Sybil, and Isabella. The little Baldwin was the godson of Baldwin III, his uncle; and when he was baptized one of the Knights present said to King Baldwin, "What will you give your nephew and godson, Sire?" "Give him?" said the King, laughing; "why, shall I not give him my name, and my crown too!" Men shook their heads at this careless saying at the time, and whispered that it was a bad omen for Baldwin the King.

Amaury's first little war was a successful one. It was against Egypt, and though it was quite a small affair altogether, he returned from that country well pleased, and laden with spoils and riches. But when he reached Jerusalem he heard that while he was away Nur-ed-Din had defeated the Counts of Tripoli and Antioch, and had taken the stronghold of Banias—or, rather, it had been weakly given up to Nur-ed-Din by the Castellan, or Keeper, of the castle, in a moment of most unworthy fear. Banias was one of the most important and most valuable castles in the whole Kingdom, and its loss could not be made good; and Amaury, in great anger, hanged twelve Templars who had been there when it was given up, for having allowed such a deed. By doing this he made the whole Order of the Temple his bitter enemies for life, and they never lost a chance afterwards of working him harm.

Nur-ed-Din next made up his mind to send the uncle of Saladin to take Egypt as well, weakened as it was by Amaury's invasion just before. Amaury saw the great danger of this to his own Kingdom; for if Nur-ed-Din in Syria and the north joined with Egypt in the south against the Christians, the weak little Kingdom of Jerusalem would be crushed like a nut between crackers. He therefore hastily made friends with the Sultan of Egypt, and together they were able to stop Nur-ed-Din's plans for a time.

Amaury often sent urgent letters to Europe for help, but no good came of them. The old Crusading spirit was almost dead; men were now more selfish, and they much preferred to make easy pilgrimages (if, indeed, they made them at all) to the tombs of saints in Europe; for such journeys gave them little trouble or danger, and were holidays rather than pilgrimages. No one seemed to care any longer for the City of Christ.

Amaury was disappointed time after time of the help he needed so much; but he still dreamed of a great Christian Kingdom which should reach from Jerusalem to Cairo; and in the hope of doing this he married Maria, the niece of the Emperor of Constantinople. Having done one bad deed—for he sent away Agnes of Edessa to marry this young Greek princess—Amaury went on to break faith with the Sultan of Egypt, his first ally; and to cover his own unfaithfulness he accused the Sultan of having been untrue to him first, and made war upon him. It was the great sin of the Christian Kingdom that its people never kept their word, if it suited them to break it; and from being unfaithful to those outside, they soon came to being unfaithful to each other; and so they became weaker and weaker. Amaury was quickly punished for his sin, however, for the Greek alliance was not the least help to him. The Emperor had promised faithfully to send food for the Christian army, but

he sent so little that it was of no use at all. Storms scattered the Greek fleet here and there; and Amaury was left without help from either the Greeks or the Egyptians, with barely enough food for himself and his own household, and without any honour at all in the eyes of either his past or his present allies. He gave up the thought of this great Christian Kingdom from Jerusalem to Cairo, and was glad to return safely to his own land; where, at Ascalon, he signed a treaty of peace with the Sultan of Egypt.

After this shameful business Amaury returned to Jerusalem; where he spent most of his time in reading, eating, and trying to squeeze money out of his Kingdom, which was already as poor as it could well be.

The next year, 1170, brought no comfort to the Kingdom, but only fresh troubles; for there were bad earthquakes from time to time, lasting through three or four months, in which the city of Tyre was badly hurt; and Edessa, Antioch, Aleppo, and Tripoli were reduced almost to ruins, and half their inhabitants killed. "The cities were heaps of stones." They were the strongest cities in the Kingdom, too, and the money that had to be spent on rebuilding and repairing them was so much wanted for other purposes.

A great man had by now arisen in the East—Saladin—whose name we know as that of the great

Saracen chief who fought against our own Richard I. There has seldom been in any land a greater man than Saladin; wise, generous, and just, brave, merciful, and very straight in all his dealings, he was a second Godfrey, only that he was on the other side. Saladin (the name may be translated as meaning Splendour of the Faith) was now about thirty years of age; and he was Sultan of Egypt. From his capital there he marched across the deserts that separate Egypt from Palestine, and entered the Christian Kingdom on the south. Amaury hurried down to Gaza, with an army of two hundred Knights and about two thousand men. Saladin advanced a little further, plundered a few towns and villages, and then went back. He did not want to meet the Christians just yet in full battle, for he knew that his men, lightly armed and unused to the foreign ways of fighting, could not yet be trusted to make a good stand against the Christians in their heavy armour. Saladin wished them to become well used to the Christians by meeting them in small encounters, so that when he was ready he could crush the Christian Kingdom with one great blow. This was the dream of Saladin. We shall see how far it came true.

Amaury found himself too weak to stand alone; he must have help from somewhere, and there seemed no place but Constantinople that could give it. He told his Barons in council that he

was going himself to get it. The Barons were astounded. "If you, the King, go and leave us," they said, "who will keep the Kingdom?"

"Let the Lord look to the Kingdom—if it be His!" answered Amaury roughly and bitterly; for he was disgusted at their selfishness, in which they thought only of themselves. "As for me, I go to fetch help."

He went to Constantinople, and returned with some gold, but no men. He found Nur-ed-Din plaguing Galilee, burning here and plundering there, but taking care never to stop long enough in any one place for the Christians to catch him. Amaury's return sent Nur-ed-Din out of Galilee; and the Saracens were defeated soon after at Kerak, on the other side of the river Jordan.

As Constantinople had failed him, Amaury looked around for some other helper, and he found a very strange one. In the Mountains of Lebanon there lived a most strange and mysterious old man, the chief of a great tribe; he was called the Old Man of the Mountains, and also the Chief of the Assassins. His people were trained from their earliest days to obey his orders exactly, no matter what they were; any disobedience, however small, was punished by instant death. Very often the Old Man would send them out to kill an enemy of his, and this pleasant habit gave him his second name of Chief of the Assassins. The Assassins

were always successful; they would follow a man for weeks or for months, but in the end they always killed him. In fact they dared not fail, for the Old Man would have had them followed in their turn by other Assassins, and put to death.

The Old Man sent messengers to King Amaury with a strange offer.

"I will become a Christian, and all my people with me," said the Old Man; "I will lend you a strong army to use as you please, if you on your part will give me two thousand pieces of gold every year."

Very gladly did Amaury agree; and he sent away the messengers with rich gifts, and his royal word. But on their way home, the Templars fell upon them suddenly, and cut nearly all of them to pieces. This was their revenge upon Amaury for having hanged twelve of their Order after the loss of Banias.

The ill news filled Amaury with rage and despair. His great plan was spoilt; the last chance of the Kingdom gone. He ordered the Grand Master of the Templars to deliver up the chief of the band which had killed the Old Man's messengers, that he might be punished as he deserved. The Grand Master refused. "I myself," he answered proudly, "as Head of the Order, will do judgment!" Whereupon Amaury seized the Knight himself, and dealt with him very hardly; for which

we may be sure the Templars did not love him any better. Amaury was able to make the Old Man believe that he himself had had no hand in this horrid deed; but the Assassins and their Chief had had enough of Christian ways, and they made no more offers of friendship.

There is a tribe living in the north of Palestine now, which some people believe to be descended from these Assassins of olden days. They are not Assassins now, of course, but only rather a wild and lawless set of men, who once made travelling in that part of the Holy Land less safe than it was elsewhere. It is things like this that help to make Palestine such a nice Land—full of links with the past, that are old and yet ever new.

In 1173 the great and much-feared Nur-ed-Din died. Amaury at once besieged Banias, but—for to this low state had Godfrey's Kingdom fallen—he actually accepted money from the widow of Nur-ed-Din to go away and leave her in peace! King Amaury returned to Jerusalem ill with fever. There Greek, Syrian, and Latin doctors all tried their skill upon him, and their different medicines; and under their too kind care the King died (1174). He was only thirty-eight, and he had been King for just twelve years. Those twelve years were one long story of disgrace and weakness and defeat; but the blame for these things was not all his. And to Amaury and his love for history we

owe one of the most delightful histories ever written —the History of Jerusalem that Archbishop William of Tyre wrote, and which tells us so much about the Christian Kingdom.

Amaury's only son succeeded him, Baldwin IV, a bright, clever, handsome boy of thirteen. He was a reader, like his father, and yet as active as his uncle Baldwin III had been. But he was a leper. Leprosy is a fearful disease, which is found in Eastern countries; it slowly wastes away the person till he becomes blind and miserable and awful to look at, and can hardly be called alive, but is just a breathing misery. The Crusaders suffered a good deal from leprosy in the later years of the Kingdom, for they were not careful how they ate and drank and lived in the hot Land of Palestine; and they never thought that because it was not the land of their birth, they ought to have taken all the more care. They even brought the fearful sickness back with them to Europe, where it remained for many years. In some old Churches in England you can still see a long narrow window, set slanting in the thickness of the wall. Such windows are called Leper Windows, (or "Squints"), and they were made so that the lepers, who were not allowed to go into Church with the rest of the worshippers, could look through, and see the altar and the priest while service was being held.

This awful sickness had shown itself in the

little King when he was only eight years old. He was so beautiful and so healthy to look at that no one could ever have thought of his having it, and it was quite by chance that his tutor, Archbishop William of Tyre, found it out. The Archbishop noticed that Baldwin did not seem to feel being pinched or touched by other boys in play, for he never called out as they did; and when the doctors examined him, they found that the disease had already got a firm hold of him. All the many medicines that were tried upon Baldwin did him no good at all; for there is no cure for leprosy, as far as we know, even now, and the doctors in those days were not very clever. It was a dreadful trouble to poor King Amaury, and after it was found out he gave a great deal of money to lepers. There were many lepers in Jerusalem in those days, as there are even now.

Baldwin IV was crowned in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and Count Raymond of Tripoli was made regent of the Kingdom.

That same year (1174) the people of Damascus invited Saladin to be their ruler, instead of the young son of Nur-ed-Din, who was only fourteen. Saladin accepted the crown they offered him, and married the widow of Nur-ed-Din. In this way he became Sultan of a very great Empire indeed, which included Damascus, Aleppo, and Cairo, right away to Sinai in Arabia, and the land of Yemen. In his new

strength Saladin marched against the Christian Kingdom, and got near enough to Jerusalem to frighten the people thoroughly; but being stopped by the strongly defended castle of Gezer, (between Jaffa and Jerusalem), he turned back, plundering the land as he passed through. For ten years Saladin did not trouble the Kingdom; but those years were spent in thorough and careful preparation for the great attack.

The leprosy of Baldwin quickly became worse, and the Barons named his eldest sister Sybil to succeed him. Sybil's first husband died, and their little son, another Baldwin, was declared heir to the Kingdom. Then Sybil married again, a young Knight called Guy de Lusignan, who was handsome in face and pleasant in manner, but as weak as a man could well be, and who was even less able than the sick young King to lead or manage the proud and unruly Barons of Palestine. And it was this worthless Guy who was presently named regent of the Holy Land, in the place of Count Raymond of Tripoli.

We must go back a little way to that Renaud de Chatillon who had married Constance of Antioch, the niece of Baldwin III and of Amaury. Constance was dead; and Renaud married again in order to get what he much wanted, power and great possessions in the rich country east of the Jordan. Here he made friends with the Templars, who also

had lands in that part, and he joined them in making little private attacks upon the Saracens, robbing their caravans, or travelling parties, plundering their lands, and killing them whenever he had the chance. The worst thing he did was to attack a Saracen caravan during a time of peace, at a place where they had camped for the night, not far from Renaud's castle of Kerak. Renaud swept down upon these unfortunate people while they were at their evening meal, killed some of them, tortured others, and shut them up in cells and in grain-pits — dark places where they could hardly breathe. When they reminded him that he was breaking faith by treating them so in a time of peace, Renaud mockingly replied, "Ask your Prophet to deliver you!" When Saladin heard of these things that Renaud had said and done, he swore a great oath that he would kill Renaud with his own hand, if he ever fell into his power.

Saladin also complained of these things to Baldwin, but the leper-King was powerless through his illness, and Guy the regent was no use either; he was not only weak, but he did not care enough about what went on to take any trouble to stop wrong things being done. Renaud simply laughed at both King and regent, and went on exactly as before. Then Saladin swept through Galilee, doing much harm to that fair Christian province; and then, turning north, he besieged Beyrout. Luckily for

the Christians, he was suddenly recalled to Damascus by urgent affairs of his own, before he had time to do much harm there.

The Barons by now were thoroughly tired of Guy's folly and weakness. They forced the King to take away the regency from him, and to name as co-King with himself his little nephew, also called Baldwin, Sybil's son. So now there were two Kings in Jerusalem of the same name, Baldwin IV and Baldwin V—the one a helpless leper, the other a helpless child. Guy was ordered by the elder King to explain the many wrong things he had done, or allowed, while he was regent; but he refused to appear before the court, and fled away in haste to Ascalon. To that city the King, now blind and very suffering, painfully followed him. The great gates of the city were shut in his face; and when Baldwin, saying, "They will surely open to me, for I am still the King!" beat with his own poor hand upon those heavy doors, Guy and the soldiers on the wall only laughed at him, and mocked his weakness with many cruel words. So Baldwin returned to Jerusalem, and took away all the grand titles, or names of honour, that he had given to Guy in better days, and made Count Raymond of Tripoli regent in his place.

About this time the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Heraclius, and the Grand Masters of the Hospitallers and of the Templars, were sent by the Barons

of the Kingdom to make one last strong appeal to Europe for help. Their words fell upon deaf ears. The Kings were all too busy with their own affairs to listen or help. Henry II of England gave money, as a sort of make-peace to the Church for the murder of Archbishop Thomas à Becket; but his sons were all in arms against him, and he dared not leave home. Henry had wished for many years to lead a Crusade, (it is said that he had even taken the Cross privately); and no doubt the fame of his name as a soldier would have drawn many to follow him, as a few years later the very name of his son Richard brought men flocking to his banner. Ten years before Henry had sworn in public to take the Cross, but his life at home had been so full and so troubled, that he had not dared to go so far away. He now offered the Patriarch money for the Kingdom of Jerusalem, but he could not go himself, as they had hoped. At this the Patriarch, who was a very bad-tempered man, fell into a furious rage.

"You swore to lead an army to the Holy Land," he said, "ten years ago! And your promise is still unkept. You have deceived God, and do you not fear the punishment of God upon those who try to deceive Him? You may kill me in your anger, as you have killed my brother Thomas of Canterbury; it matters nothing to me whether I die by the hand of the Saracens, or of you, who are more cruel than any Saracen!"

Henry kept his temper wonderfully in the face of the Patriarch's angry reproaches; perhaps he respected him for not being afraid to scold him, the King. All he said was, "My mind is made up. I cannot leave my Kingdom; but any of my people who wish may take the Cross."

But very few cared to do so, either in England or on the Continent; and the few Crusaders who came out from time to time were too few to be of any real use. The Christian Kingdom was ready to fall. The Land was dotted all over with strong castles, wherein the lord of each lived like a little king, and cared chiefly for himself; making his own treaties with his Saracen neighbours, and breaking them as soon as it suited him to do so. The Knights Hospitallers and the Templars were open foes of each other; and neither Order would serve the Kingdom unless well paid for its service. The Patriarch Heraclius was a really bad man, greedy and proud; the clergy had no power, and many of them were bad men too, caring only to get rich; so that the people said that the Church no longer cared to feed its sheep, but only to shear them. Some of the people showed openly that they only thought about being rich, and living in ease and comfort; and each man seemed more selfish, greedy, and unfaithful than his neighbour. If ever a Kingdom showed rottenness and bad faith, it was the Kingdom of Jerusalem in its latter days.

THE KINGDOM ON THE WANE

While his Kingdom was thus bending to its fall, Baldwin the Leper slipped out of his troubles by death. The little Baldwin V followed him the next day. Men were not afraid to say openly that the child had been poisoned by his mother; and Sybil was certainly not a good woman, and everyone knew that she would do anything to please her idle husband, Guy, or to push him forward. Baldwin IV and Baldwin V were both buried in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, near Godfrey and the other Kings, under the Place of Calvary. They were the last of the Kings of Jerusalem to be laid there.

CHAPTER XI

THE FALL OF THE KINGDOM

GUY DE LUSIGNAN, 1186-1187.

"From shore to shore of either main
The tent is pitched, the Crescent shines
Along the Moslems' leaguering lines."

BYRON.

SYBIL was determined to be Queen in Jerusalem; and directly the two poor Kings were buried, she sent for the Patriarch and the Grand Masters of the Hospitallers and the Templars, and asked them straight out to help her to this end. The Patriarch and Gerard de Riddeford, the Grand Master of the Templars, promised their support at once, but Roger de Moulines, the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, refused, because he knew how worthless Guy was; and many of the great Barons sided with him. Sybil, however, named a day and an hour for her coronation; and when the time came, she entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, walking between the Grand Master of the Templars and Renaud de Chatillon. Now, there were three keys to the Treasury where the crown and sceptre were kept,

and unless all three were used the Treasury could not be opened. Two of these keys were kept by the Patriarch and the Grand Master of the Templars, who gave theirs up; but the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, who held the third key, refused to part with his one; and without it the other two were useless. They pressed him for it, and he said he had hidden it. They hunted for it everywhere, but of course they could not find it, for it was in his hand all the time. While all this was going on the coronation service had to be stopped, and Sybil and Guy and their following of Knights and ladies, all very angry, had to sit in their places in the Church, looking at nothing, and, no doubt, feeling very foolish. At last the Grand Master of the Hospitallers lost his temper, and flung the third key down at their feet. "Do as you wish!" he said. "But I am clear of it!"

Sybil got her own way; she was crowned; and being told by the Patriarch to share the crown with the person whom she thought most worthy of that honour, she beckoned to Guy, and placed it upon his head as he knelt there, saying to him, "Sir Guy, I give it to thee, for I know none worthier to wear it."

So the crown of Jerusalem, which Godfrey had not thought himself worthy to wear, was set on the head of this Guy de Lusignan; a man who had had to leave Europe in haste to escape being punished

for murder. When Guy's brother at home heard of the crowning at Jerusalem, he laughed mockingly. "Those men who have made my brother a King," he said, "would surely have made *me* a god!"

While these things were happening at Jerusalem, the angry Barons were gathered at Nablous, a town twelve hours to the north of the Holy City; from where they sent a spy to Jerusalem to find out what was going forward there. The spy returned with the unwelcome news that Sybil had been crowned, and Guy with her.

"Is Guy then made King?" said one of the Knights, Baldwin of Ramleh. "I will wager he will not be King for one year! As for me, the crown is lost, and I shall go; for I will have no part in the shame and ruin of our Kingdom."

Raymond of Tripoli, one of the few really noble-minded men who yet remained in the Kingdom, stopped him.

"Have pity on the Faith, and stay to help us!" he said. "The Knights of St. John are with us; and I am on truce with the Saracens, who will help us if it must be so."

Very low indeed had the Christian Kingdom fallen, that her chief men could even think of asking the Saracens to help them against their fellow-Christians; but the Kingdom was dying, and Raymond was ready to try anything that might save her, if only for a little while. Raymond also

advised the Barons to do homage to Guy for the sake of the Kingdom, and they did so, though very unwillingly. As Baldwin of Ramleh bent his knee to the worthless King, he said, with more truth than politeness, "Sir Guy, I do you homage, but not with a willing heart, for I would not hold my lands under you!"

Guy had to swallow his rage as best he might; and very soon after Baldwin of Ramleh gave over his lands to his son, and left Palestine for ever. He would not stay on as the subject of such a man as Guy.

Raymond of Tripoli went to his own castle of Tiberias, and Guy made up his mind to besiege him there; for he hated and feared the upright Raymond, and he wanted to revenge himself upon the Barons by overthrowing the greatest of them. In the meantime, while Guy was preparing for the attack, Saladin, who was at peace with Raymond, sent to the Count, asking leave for his eldest son, El-Afdal, and a small Saracen force, to make an expedition into Raymond's lands. Raymond could not well refuse the request of his ally; and as Saladin did not say what his son wanted to do—whether to get food, or merely to have a day's hunting—he said that they might come, but that they must promise to go and return in one day, while the sun was still shining, and that they must hurt neither town nor house upon their way. And Saladin gave his

word that it should be so. Raymond, on his part, to prevent any unlucky meeting between Christians and Saracens, warned the people in every place which the Saracens must pass to keep within their walls upon that day.

But most unluckily the Grand Master of the Templars got word of this; and he, being Guy's friend, was very angry that Raymond and the Saracens should make friends in this way. Gathering a little force of about one hundred and forty Knights and soldiers of the Temple, he hurried forth to attack the Saracens, and came up with them as they were on their way back. A fierce little fight followed, in which the Templars, almost to a man, were cut to pieces, only the Grand Master and a few of the Knights escaping to Nazareth. The Saracens quietly returned home; and as they passed Tiberias Raymond, from the castle walls, could easily see the heads of the Templars which they carried on their spears. He was greatly troubled at the sight. The Templars were fellow-Christians and his brethren-in-arms; but he could not accuse the Saracens of having broken their word. They had not touched a single house, or town, or village, or castle; the Templars had attacked them, not they the Templars; and they had returned to their own country before the sun was down.

The Grand Master of the Templars and a few of his Knights had escaped, as we know, to Nazareth.

The next day the Grand Master caused a proclamation to be made through the city, that he would show a rich prize of war to any who cared to follow him; and the people of Nazareth greedily answered the call—though they had been too cowardly to help in the fight. The Grand Master led this eager crowd out to the scene of the fight, and showed them the bodies of the Templars and their horses, lying one on top of the other, just as they had fallen in that stern little fight. Amongst the dead bodies was that of one Sir Jacques de Maillé, who had borne himself with such bravery and force that the Saracens had marked him out, even in a company of such splendid fighters as all the Templars were. The Saracens said that he must be St. George (in whom they also believed), for no human person could fight in such a way, nor do the deeds that Sir Jacques had done that day; and after the fight they cut off little pieces of his garments, and wore them as charms to make them as brave as he had been.

It was the body of this Knight, and those of his no less valiant companions, that the Grand Master pointed out to the people of Nazareth, as they followed hard upon his footsteps.

"There is prize of war for you, my masters!" he said bitterly. "Where again will you find richer treasure than these men who have given their lives for the Kingdom!"

Angry, ashamed, and disappointed, the people of Nazareth crept back to their homes.

Soon afterwards Guy and Raymond made peace —Raymond with all his heart as his way was, and Guy because he had to; and Saladin, who was not pleased at hearing this, at once advanced upon Tiberias. Raymond advised the King to offer battle near a certain place which was in a good position for fighting, and where there was a fountain to supply the army. He also advised that the piece of the True Cross that was in Jerusalem should be sent for, with the Patriarch Heraclius to carry it, for the men always fought better when they had this great treasure to guard. The Templars agreed with Raymond in all this, and for the purpose they gave Guy all the money that Henry II of England had sent them—a vast treasure by now, for he sent them thirty thousand marks every year. Guy's army numbered twenty thousand foot soldiers, a large body of horse, and twelve hundred Knights; it was the best Christian army raised in Palestine since the days of Godfrey.

Meanwhile Raymond's wife Eschowe and their four sons were closely besieged by Saladin in Tiberias, and the Countess sent for help to Guy. "I must give up the city," she said by her messenger, "unless you can send me help very quickly."

Guy sat in council with the Barons. They were

all for going at once to the help of this gallant woman. Only one voice was raised against it, and that was the voice of Count Raymond, her husband. To him the Kingdom was more than wife, or son, or city.

"Sir King," he said, "leave Tiberias to its fate, though my wife and my sons and all that I have be lost, and the city, too. We had best lose all that than try to stop Saladin. If he takes Tiberias its riches will satisfy him, and by and bye we can beat him and recover the city. But if we go out against him now, when the heat is at its worst and the springs are all low, we and our men and our horses will certainly perish from the sun and from want of water; for there is no single fountain between us and Tiberias."

"Here is some of the hair of the wolf!" cried the Grand Master of the Temple mockingly; meaning that Raymond was in secret treaty with Saladin, and because of that did not want to fight him. But the other Barons cried "Shame!" upon this mean suggestion; and Raymond's word carried the day.

But late at night the Grand Master of the Temple went to Guy's tent, and persuaded him not to follow Raymond's advice.

"It is but a trick of his," he said; "the man is in league with Saladin and the enemies of God! Let us march now, swiftly, and fall upon the Sara-

cens before they know of our coming, and we shall save Tiberias, and the Kingdom, too!"

Guy was nothing but a shadow that danced in the strong light of other men's wills. He listened to the Grand Master, protested a little, and argued a little, but of course in the end he gave in. The Grand Master in triumph hurried from the royal tent; and, in case any one should go into Guy after him, and talk the foolish King into a change of mind, he gave the order from the King to march at once. As the first light of morning crept up into the sky, the Christian army set out in gloom and silence (July 1, 1187). The move was made in deep unwillingness by the army. In the heart of every man was the thought that was told in Raymond's bitter cry, when he heard the King's command: "Alas! alas! Lord God! The war is over; we are dead men. The Kingdom is undone!"

It was fiercely hot, for Tiberias and Galilee in the summer months are like steaming cauldrons. The Christians in their heavy armour could hardly move for weariness; the horses panted and struggled. The Saracen cavalry hung around them at a safe distance, ready to strike down any who fell behind; and there were many who did so, from being too tired to keep up with the rest. They also fired the dry grass and stubble—a favourite Saracen trick, as we know—so that the Christians

could hardly set foot upon it. After a terrible day, Guy was obliged to call a halt for the night; for the Templars and some of the other troops were unable to keep up with the main army any longer, and they would have been cut off by the Saracens had the rest moved on too far ahead. The Christian camp was so close to that of Saladin that "a dog might have run from one to the other"; and the Christians could hear the Saracen sentries calling to each other on their rounds, and the cry of "God is most great!" of the men who felt that victory was already given into their hands. The two camps were set close by the Horns of Hattin; it is the little hill, (shaped in two points like horns, from which it gets its name), from which, it is said, our Lord preached the Sermon on the Mount. From it the Christians could see the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee, by which stood the besieged city of Tiberias. In the darkness some of the soldiers crept away to Saladin's camp, and begged for a drink of water; they had had none all day. "Fall on our fellows now," said these wretched deserters; "they are weak; they cannot fight."

At daybreak Guy gave battle to end the sufferings of his men. He had marched straight into the lion's mouth, and the Christian host was bound to be absolutely defeated. Even so, and knowing that there was no hope for them, they fought like

heroes. "But the grip of fear was on the throats of the crowd," as a Saracen writer has it, "who went like driven beasts to the shambles. They counted as sure defeat and death, yet the fury of the fight never slacked."

Guy ordered Raymond of Tripoli to cut a way through the enemy, knowing that if any man could do it he was that man. The Count, and a few others of tried courage and daring like his own, made a desperate charge; the Saracens seemed to give way before them easily enough, as they had often done before; but it was really a trick, and they closed up again behind them at once, like a sheer wall. Raymond and his party were cut off from the rest of the army. Seeing this, and knowing that they had failed to help the main army, and now could do no more, Raymond and those who were with him rode straight on, and reached Tyre, on the northern coast, in safety.

The chief fury of the fight raged round the tent of Guy. It was scarlet in colour, and shone like a flame in the middle of the host. Here, too, was the piece of the True Cross, in the care of the Bishops of Acre and Lydda, (for the Patriarch, whose duty it was to carry it himself, had been far too much afraid to come, and had pretended that he was ill). While that red tent could be seen by the Christians, they knew that all was not yet lost, and that the Cross was safe as well. Near

the tent Guy and a hundred and fifty of his chief Knights made a gallant stand; while the Saracens swept round and round them "as a globe turns round its pole," seeking for some place in which to break through. The eldest son of Saladin, El-Afdal, a boy of sixteen, was with his father, watching his first battle. His story of it has come down to us in his own words. "The King of the Franks and his Knights made a gallant charge," he said, "and drove the Moslems back upon my Father. I watched him, and I saw his dismay; he changed colour, tugged at his beard, and rushed forward, shouting, 'Give the devil the lie!' So the Moslems fell shouting upon the enemy, who retreated up the hill. When I saw the Franks flying, and the Moslems pursuing, I cried in my glee, 'We have routed them!' But the Franks charged again, and drove our men back once more to where my Father was. Again he urged them forward, and they drove the enemy up the hill. Again I shouted, 'We have routed them!' But my Father turned to me and said, 'Hold thy peace! We have *not* beaten them so long as that tent stands there.' At that instant the royal tent was overthrown. Then the Sultan dismounted, and bowed himself to the earth, giving thanks to God, with tears of joy."[1]

The scarlet tent was overthrown just as the

[1] *Saladin* (Stanley Lane-Poole).

Holy Wood also fell into the hands of the victors, with the death of the Bishop of Acre, who had held it up high for all to see, all through the day. The Christian soldiers had done wonders, in spite of the weariness and thirst which had made them weak before ever the battle began. They had no longer any strength to lift a sword. Many flung themselves down upon the ground, and were killed as they lay there, unable to resist. Their swords were snatched from the hands of the Knights, who were too weak to hold them. The dead lay everywhere in heaps, as stones are piled upon stones; bits of broken crosses, heads, hands, and arms cut off from their bodies, broken weapons, shields, and armour, strewed the blood-stained field in a dreadful confusion. The field of battle, and also the country for many miles around, showed the marks of this awful fight for a long time after. The Saracens said that thirty thousand Christians had fallen; they themselves had lost heavily, too; and the white heaps of bones could be seen for a full year after the battle.

Guy and those few of his chief Knights who were yet alive, were taken to Saladin's tent. There was nothing in the conqueror's manner, nor in that of his Emirs and officers who stood around him, to add to the shame and misery of these conquered men. The coolness of the rich silken tent was beautiful to them, after the burning glare

outside. Saladin made Guy sit beside him, and, at his command, his servants brought Guy to drink a bowl of sherbet made with rose water and cooled in snow, for he was suffering severely from thirst. Guy drank a little, and then passed his bowl on to Renaud de Chatillon, who was standing behind him.

Saladin sprang to his feet.

"Tell the King," he said to the interpreter, "that it is he who has given this man drink, and not I!" meaning that though, according to the Eastern custom, Guy's life was safe after receiving food and drink at his hands, Renaud de Chatillon could expect no mercy, having received nothing from him. Pointing at Renaud as he stood near Guy, Saladin went on:

"Twice I have sworn to kill that man; once when he tried to invade the holy cities, and again when he took a caravan by treachery. Lo! I will avenge the Prophet upon you!" he cried, turning suddenly upon de Chatillon himself.

With his own scimitar Saladin cut off Renaud's arm from the shoulder; and the Saracen guards dragged him outside the tent and finished the deed there. Guy thought that his turn would come next; but to him Saladin said, "It is not the custom for a King to slay a King. That wicked man had broken every law of honour; therefore what has happened has happened!"

Two hundred and thirty Knights of St. John

and of the Temple were offered their lives if they would give up their faith. One and all they refused to buy their lives at the price of their honour, and they were all beheaded.

Tiberias surrendered after the crushing defeat at the Horns of Hattin. Saladin gave Raymond's wife free way to join him at Tyre; but the gallant Count, the last of the Knights with the old Crusading spirit, died very soon after the battle, heart-broken at the fall of the Kingdom. One by one the Christian fortresses and cities fell before Saladin's conquering sword. Tyre, Tripoli, and Ascalon alone held out; and Ascalon surrendered on the condition that Guy was set free within the year, and that the people were allowed to leave the city in safety, with whatever possessions they wanted to take with them.

The road to Jerusalem was open now to Saladin.

CHAPTER XII

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM, 1187

"Now shall the blazon of the Cross be veiled."

SHELLEY.

SIR BALIAN of Ibelin was one of the Knights who had followed Raymond of Tripoli, in his fierce charge through the Saracen lines at Hattin. He was allowed by Saladin to go up to Jerusalem to fetch his wife and children, under solemn promise that he would only stay one night.

When Balian arrived, he found the City in a state of the wildest fear and excitement; and the people pressed round him, begging him with tears to stop and fight for them. They clasped him by the hands and feet; mothers held out their babies to him, as if he could not refuse their wordless appeal; little children sobbed and wailed, the more sadly that they knew not what the trouble was. "Save us—save us!" was the cry on all sides. "If you leave us we must perish! If you do not care for our trouble, at least save the City of God!"

Poor Balian! Was ever a man more hardly pressed?

"But, good people, I have given my word to Saladin to go!" he cried at last, in despair.

"No promise made to an unbeliever is binding in the sight of God," answered the Patriarch, quickly. He was not a good man, as we know, and just now he was as frightened as any of them that Balian would go away and leave them to their fate; and his head seemed to shake upon his shoulders already. "Indeed," he added, "it would be a far greater sin on your part to keep such a promise than to break it, for it will be a lasting shame upon you if you leave Jerusalem in her hour of need. Be very sure that if you do so, you shall never afterwards have any honour in the eyes of men, wherever you may go. As Patriarch of the Holy City I set you free of your oath!"

Then Balian gave way; and he sent a message to Saladin, telling him that he was forced to break his word. Perhaps Saladin had not really expected him to keep it; he knew too well that the Knights of the Kingdom could not be counted on to keep faith with any man.

Generous and merciful in all his dealings, Saladin first offered good terms to the City. "Jerusalem is the House of God," he said: "that is a part of my faith. I am not willing to hurt the House of God, if I can take it in peace and friendship. I will give you thirty thousand bezants if you will give up the City. I will give you land for five

miles all round the City for your own, to use and to plant as you wish. I will fill the City with food, so that its markets shall be the cheapest in the world. You shall have peace from now till Pentecost, and if after that time you think you can hold the City, keep it if you can; and if not, give it up to me, and I will send you all in safety and honour to Christian lands."

But the City refused his offer; partly because the Christians were burning to win back something of what had been lost on the field of the Horns of Hattin, and partly because they thought that it was made out of weakness, and not out of the greatness of a strength that was so sure that it could afford to be merciful.

"God helping us," the Christian garrison said, "we will never give up the City where our Saviour died for us!"

Saladin was better pleased at their refusing his offer than he would have been had they accepted it; for, to his mind, it showed that they really cared for the Holy City, and were ready to fight for her to the end, no matter what it cost them. To meet their courage, he gave them his word of honour that he would not take the City except with honour—that is, by the sword, and not by treaty or by agreement. Whichever side won, the full price of the City must be paid in the lives of men.

So Saladin marched upon the City, and planted his camp at first on the same ground that Godfrey had used, eighty-nine years before; and in September of the year 1187 the siege began. There were only two Christian Knights beside Balian in the City, and he had to make fifty more to act under him as officers. Guy had taken all the money he could find to prepare for the Battle of Hattin, and because there was not enough money left in the City to buy food or to pay the men, Balian stripped off the silver and gold from the Holy Sepulchre, and turned it into coin. Very bravely did the Christians, led by the stout-hearted Balian, hold out for eight days; until a large part of the outer wall fell in, having been undermined by the Saracens. The Knights and soldiers then were all for sallying out and dying in arms, as became soldiers. But again the Patriarch interfered; perhaps because he was too bad a man to face death quietly. He advised that Saladin should be asked to grant them terms; and to Balian, as the leader, fell the hateful task of asking the conqueror for the mercy they had despised before.

But though Balian went at the will of the people, he was a soldier, and he would not be the bearer of terms of shame for anyone. His words to Saladin were hard and straight, and they were understood by Saladin, who was himself a soldier first of all.

"O Sultan," said Balian, "know that those of us who are soldiers in the City are surrounded by God knows how many people who will not fight, because they hope to receive from you the same grace as you have given to other cities. These people fear death, and only long to live. But for us who are soldiers, when we see that death cannot be escaped, we will burn our houses, and our churches, and our provisions. We will kill our women and our children. We will destroy the Rock and the Mosque, and every other holy place that we honour. We will put to death every Moslem slave that is in the City—and there are five thousand of them. We will kill every horse and every beast we have. We will not leave you a bezant or a jewel or a treasure for your enriching; nor one man or woman to be your slave. And when we have done all this, we will sally forth, and we will fight you for our lives. There shall not be one man of us who will not take the life of a Saracen, as payment for his own before he falls. Thus we will either die gloriously, or we will conquer you—as we be Christian gentlemen!"

The words of Balian were full of the desperate courage of men who may have lost all, but who will yet face death with readiness, and they made Saladin think. He could not press such men too hard, or he would lose all he hoped to win, and he was afraid to face the loss of the Mosque and the

Rock; neither dared he bring his army into an empty city, after a hard siege in which they had done so well, and in which so many of their companions had fallen. His men deserved a good reward, and they would most certainly expect it. Saladin saw very clearly that Balian's words were not empty ones, but that what he said he would do, he would most certainly carry out, if he were pressed too far. But even while Balian and Saladin were talking together, the Saracens made another fierce attack, and began to swarm into the City over the fallen walls, and already ten or twelve of their banners were waving there in triumph.

Saladin, seeing these signs of his own victory, said to Balian, "Why do you talk to me about terms when you see my people ready to enter? It is too late now; the City is mine already!"

Even as he spoke—so strangely does the tide of war change—the Christians massed themselves together for a last desperate charge, and drove the Saracens back, and out again.

"Go back," said Saladin to Balian then; "I can do nothing more now. If you come again to-morrow, I will willingly listen to what you have to say."

Balian left the camp of victory, and returned to the City. Here all was terror and confusion; women were sobbing and wringing their hands; soldiers hurrying to and fro between their posts;

the wounded and the dying were carried hastily away; long processions of monks, priests, and nuns walked barefoot, carrying crosses, and chanting dolefully. The shadow of death was upon them all. "But," said Bernard the Treasurer, who saw all these things, "our Lord Jesus Christ would not listen to any prayers that they made, by reason of the sin in the City, which prevented any prayers from mounting to the mercy-seat of God."

The next day Balian again went to Saladin.

"We will give up the City," he said—hard words for any soldier to utter—"if the lives of the people are spared."

"You speak too late," was Saladin's quick and stern reply; then generosity to a fallen foe drove out anger from his mind, and he added, "Sir Balian, for the love of God and of yourself, I will have some pity on them. They shall give themselves up to me, and I will leave them their property to do with as they please; but their bodies shall be my prisoners; and he who can ransom himself with money shall do so, and he who cannot shall be my prisoner."

"Sir," said Balian, "what shall be the price of the ransom?"

"The same price shall be for poor and for rich alike," answered Saladin: "for every man thirty bezants, for every woman and every child ten bezants. Whosoever cannot pay his ransom shall be my prisoner."

"We have no money!" said poor Balian; and he returned to the City with these hard terms. No doubt he wished many and many a time that he had never broken his word to Saladin in the beginning, but had refused to listen to the prayer of the people of Jerusalem to stay and lead their defence. Now he had lost everything, the people hung upon him like greedy leeches, expecting him to save them at any cost, and used him as their messenger to a mighty and victorious foe, whose terms were very hard for a Christian Knight to carry or agree to. His whole Knighthood was shamed in being forced in this way to play the part of a go-between, by the frightened City on the one side, and Saladin on the other.

All through the night that followed, Balian argued and talked with the Grand Masters of the Templars and the Hospitallers, pressing them to give him what treasure their Orders still possessed, to ransom the poor in the City who could not pay for themselves. At last he persuaded the two Grand Masters to give up to him the contents of their Treasuries; and the next day, when he went back to Saladin, the Sultan met his message halfway by lowering the ransom by one half.

"Sir, you have fixed the ransom of the rich," then said Balian; "fix now the ransom of the poor, for there are twenty thousand in the City who cannot pay the ransom of a single man. For the love of

God, show a little mercy, and I will try to get from the Templars, the Hospitallers, and others, enough to ransom all."

"For one hundred thousand bezants all the poor shall go free," answered Saladin.

But when Balian told him that they could not raise even half that sum, Saladin said that he would set free seven thousand men for thirty thousand bezants, and that two women or ten children should count as one man in this reckoning. He also gave them fifty days, during which time they were all free to do as they liked with their own goods. "At the end of that time," said Saladin, "all that is found in the City shall be mine, whether it is the bodies of men, or only their possessions."

Balian returned to the City, where the people were waiting for him, trembling to hear their fate. He had been successful in his dealings with Saladin; he had got for the doomed City far better terms than they had expected; but even so the judgment of the conqueror was a hard one; and to know that within fifty days they must leave their homes and everything that they cared for, was quite enough to make them all feel very sad. It must have been very hard indeed for them to leave a place that people grow to love as they often love Jerusalem. So the people wept and wailed aloud when they heard what Balian had to tell them. They went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,

and, falling on their knees before the Sacred Tomb itself, they wet the very stones with tears. From one holy place to another they hurried in sad processions, to say a last sad good-bye to all they held most precious; they kissed the very walls of the City, and beat their heads against the stones. "To leave Jerusalem was to tear the hearts out of them."

All the gates of the City were now shut except the Gate of David, at which Saladin set a strong guard to prevent anyone escaping; and Saracen soldiers kept order in the streets. We are told that not one of these dared to offer even a rough word to the old inhabitants, for the commands of Saladin were strict and clear; and though some of the officers and Emirs cheated and bargained with the people, to try and gain something for themselves before the fifty days were out, these things were done secretly, and never came to the ears of Saladin. The Saracens were allowed, however, to buy from the Christians, who were only too glad on their part to sell everything they had, to raise the money for their ransoms. The Patriarch and Balian had got thirty thousand bezants from the Knights Hospitallers, which was all that the Order had to give; and they made everyone in the City swear on the relics of the saints that they would keep back nothing, but would give all they had to the general ransom. The seven thousand who

were to be ransomed were then chosen, so many from each street and ward of the City, and were sent out. They were free. But still there were many poor frightened people left who could not pay, for during the siege they had given all they had for the defence of the City, and for their ransoms there was no money left. Seeing this, Saladin's brother Saffadin (as his name is written), who was one of his generals, went to the Sultan.

"Brother," he said, "I have helped you by God's grace to conquer the Land and this City. I pray you, give me a thousand slaves of those that are still left within the walls."

"What will you do with them?" asked Saladin.

"As it seems best to me," answered Saffadin.

Saladin asked no more questions, but gave him the thousand, perhaps guessing at his purpose; and Saffadin set them free as his thank-offering to God.

Then one of Saladin's generals, an Armenian called Kukbury, went to the Sultan, and asked him to let him have five thousand Armenians who were in the City. "They came here as pilgrims before the siege," Kukbury said; "they are not fighters, nor do they belong to the City at all. Should they not go free, being strangers?" And Saladin said, "Be it so," and gave him all the five thousand Armenians. So these, too, went free. And after this, the Patriarch, seeing that every

one seemed to get what he wanted from this generous and merciful man, went in his turn to Saladin and asked for some; and Saladin gave him seven hundred; and when Balian asked for some, he gave him five hundred.

"And now," said Saladin, who seemed never to tire of giving, "I will make my alms." And he ordered the little Postern of St. Lazarus to be set open, that all the poor who really could not pay might leave the City by it, free. From sunrise until sunset the stream of people passed out through the little gate, wondering greatly at their own deliverance. Even so there were eleven thousand left. Then Balian went to Saladin—and he forced the Patriarch to go with him—and begged the Sultan to hold them both as prisoners in the place of the eleven thousand, until money could be raised in Europe for their ransom. But Saladin replied, "I will not take two men against eleven thousand; speak of it to me no more." So the eleven thousand went free in their turn. To the women and children who went before him, crying for mercy, Saladin showed a wonderful pity. If their husbands and fathers were in prison, he ordered them to be set free; if they were dead, he gave largely to the widows from his own treasure, according to their rank and state. "And he gave them so much, that they gave praise to God

for the honour and wealth that Saladin showed to them"—as well they might!

At the last the Patriarch made haste to leave Jerusalem. While others had been full of the trouble of the City, he had been very careful to get hold of all the gold and silver, the jewels and treasures, that were still left in the Holy Sepulchre and the other Churches, and these he made ready to take away with him. Saladin's Emirs were very angry when they saw this, for their Sultan had already been so generous that to take more in this way seemed to them like stealing; besides they wanted something themselves, after all they had done. They begged Saladin not to allow it; but Saladin said that his word had been given, and it was not his will that any man should be able to accuse him of breaking it. So the greedy Heraclius made off with as much as he could carry.

With all this, the City of Godfrey and Fulke was so rich that when the Saracens came to take it over they found many treasures in it still. Amongst the richest of all the spoil was a large gold cross, blazing with jewels, which the Templars had set up upon the Rock itself, and which the Saracen soldiers horrified the Christians by dragging through the dirt of the streets. But deeds like this, done in ignorance or malice, can do no harm beyond the pain they give; it could not hurt the

Cross. Saladin also stripped off the covering of marble which the Knights had put all over the Rock, to keep it safe from pilgrims and others, who used to chip off little pieces to take away with them, either to keep as a great treasure or to sell in other lands.

Now Saladin divided the remainder of the Christians into three parties to send them away; one party he put under the Templars, one under the Hospitallers, and the third under Balian himself. With each party he sent fifty of his own most trusted officers, to guard them on their way into Christian land. These Saracen guards were as tender-hearted as their great master, for they would walk themselves in order that the Christians might ride when they were tired or footsore; and when the little children cried from weariness, they thought it no trouble to pick them up, and carry them over the rough ground. Sybil, the Queen, and her sister, Isabella, had been amongst the first to leave Jerusalem, free from tax or question. Sybil joined Guy later on; but she had been through hard times, and she did not live to be an old woman. Not one of the conquered Christians was hardly treated by Saladin, nor even mocked at in their fall by the Saracen guards, for the spirit of Saladin was strong in all his host. A very different taking of Jerusalem was this to that July day eighty-nine years ago,

when the Crusaders cut down men without pity, and their horses trod the Temple courts knee-deep in blood.

The Christians from Jerusalem reached Tripoli safely after a weary march, which all the kindness of their Saracen guards could not make anything but long and very sad. And at Tripoli, instead of a welcome and shelter, they found harder fare than all that had gone before. For the Count of Tripoli refused to let these sad wanderers enter his city. He was not the great Raymond who had cut his way through the Saracens at the Battle of Hattin, for he was dead by now; the new Count was Boemond of Antioch, who had succeeded him at Tripoli by Raymond's own wish. This hard and most unknightly Knight sent out his soldiers to seize any of the travellers who still had a little money left, and forced them into the city, where he threw them into prison until they had given up everything they had. Those who were too poor to be worth robbing were not allowed within the city walls; and so they wandered away, some even into far Armenia, and settled down with thankfulness wherever they were allowed to do so.

Saladin captured Jerusalem on October 1, 1187. As soon as the City was really his, he set to work to clear the Temple of every sign of its use by Christians. The altars were taken away and the

pictures destroyed, and Saladin gave a wonderful pulpit of inlaid wood from Damascus, which is still standing in the place where he put it, as his thank-offering. His name and titles were written round the dome of what had been the Templar's Church, which from that day onward was to be known and used as a Mosque. If any man had earned the right to record his deeds in a place of worship, "in the Name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful," surely that man was Saladin. By and bye many Christians, on payment of a tax, were allowed by him to return to Jerusalem, and to settle down there again in peace.

Jerusalem being safely in his hands, Saladin pushed on with the conquest of the whole Land, which fell under his power bit by bit. Soon only Tripoli, Antioch, and Tyre among the cities were left of the once great Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem. The Christian rule in Palestine was broken for ever. Crusades might come and come again; and parts here and there be recovered for a time; but the Kingdom as a Kingdom was dead, slain as much by the selfishness and want of faith amongst its own people as by the sword of Saladin.

As for Guy, when he was released a year later he went to Cyprus, and got the title of King of Cyprus from Richard I. Then he joined Richard

in Palestine, and at once broke his parole, or word of honour, given to Saladin as a condition of his being set free, that he would not take arms against the Saracens again. He was a most unworthy Knight, but he did not live long to disgrace the name of Christian and King by his broken promises and his oft-stained honour.

CHAPTER XIII

THE THIRD CRUSADE, 1189–1192

"Therefore friends,
As far as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldiers now, under Whose blessed Cross
We are empresséd and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of England shall we levy."

SHAKESPEARE.

"England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls!"

BLAKE.

"JERUSALEM has fallen! The Holy City has fallen!"

The dreadful news spread all through Christendom, and startled the Kings of Europe; startled them at last—and too late. They had turned a deaf ear for so long to the cry for help; they had been so full of their own concerns, that they had cared very little really about the Christian Kingdom. Perhaps they thought that the soldiers of the Cross could never be defeated. But the impossible had happened, the Christian power had been utterly overthrown, the King of Jerusalem was a prisoner, the chief of his Knights were dead, the Orders of

the Hospitallers and the Templars had been almost wiped out, and Jerusalem herself, together with the Sepulchre of Christ, was in the hands of Saladin.

The very awfulness of the news stirred the people of Europe to action. A new Crusade was preached everywhere for the recovery of Jerusalem, and all who did not take the Cross were made to give the tenth part of their possessions in a tax called the Tithe of Saladin. It was the first time that a Crusade had been preached in England, but the people caught at the idea with eagerness, and hundreds of them rushed to take the Cross. The Crusade was under the Kings of France and England, Philip II and our own Richard Lion-Heart. As the Tithe of Saladin did not bring in enough by itself, both Kings raised money in other ways; Philip chiefly by squeezing the Jews, and Richard by selling honours, titles, and offices to his subjects. "I would sell London itself if I could only find a buyer!" he said—not because he loved London so little, perhaps, as because he loved Jerusalem so much. The fire of a true Crusader burned hotly in Richard's heart, but he was the only one of the Princes of the Third Crusade who put any real love or faith into the expedition. Many very strict rules were made, so that the soldiers might behave as true Crusaders should. Swearers were to be fined, and also to have their heads first shaved and then

covered with hot pitch and feathers; a murderer was to be tied to the body of the victim, and the two bodies thrown together into the sea or buried in the same grave. The army of the Third Crusade counted over four hundred thousand men, English, French, and Germans, and Richard himself had two hundred and nineteen ships, all well manned and fitted out.

The German army was a splendid one, as large as the English and French forces put together, and very well trained; and it was under Frederick I, whom his people called Barbarossa because of his long red beard. There are several Barbarossas in history. Two of them were Turkish pirates, brothers, whose exploits filled Europe with terror for many years, and after the greatest of whom one of the Turkish warships is now called; but the Barbarossa whom we of the West know most of was this Frederick the German Emperor. He was a very Knightly man, for certain, and before he started on his Crusade he sent a message to Saladin to warn him of his coming, and thus began his war in a far more gentlemanly spirit than either of the other Kings.

But Frederick was not the man to free Jerusalem. He led his army overland, (1189), and it melted day by day under the fierce attacks of enemies through whose countries he passed. Nothing went well with him. He expected help from the Armen-

ians, and they turned their backs upon him, and joined the Greeks, who would not help him, either. Before very long, Barbarossa himself met his death, —not in the shock and glory of battle, as he would have wished, but in crossing a river, in whose ice-cold currents he was caught and swept away (1190). His death broke up the German army. The men wandered apart, seeking shelter where they could find it, some in Antioch, some in Aleppo, (where the Saracens made slaves of them); many died by the way; and out of that splendid army of two hundred thousand men, not even five thousand reached home.

The rushing river tore away poor Barbarossa in its icy clutches, now tossing him up like a leaf, now dragging him down, now spinning him round and round in some hidden undercurrent. He was never seen again. But his people declared that Barbarossa was not dead; the river had borne him home, they said; and he was now in a cavern in the Kyffhauser Mountain in Thuringia, waiting till his country should need his strong arm and his wise head again. And so the story comes down to us to-day; and when we hear the name of Frederick Barbarossa our thoughts turn to that dark cavern in Thuringia, where the Red Beard rests and waits for the call of his country, his good sword lying ready to his hand. He was joined to the great company of waiting Kings, who rest in peace and in patience, till the

cry of their country in some hour of sore need shall call them forth: and those Kings are Arthur of Britain, who waits in Avalon; Charlemagne of France; Roderic of Spain; and Barbarossa of Germany. May they rise in all good fellowship!

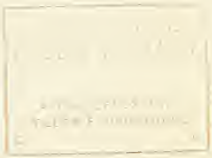
The Kings of France and England met at Sicily; and here there first began the quarrels which in the end broke up the Crusade. When at last they started for Palestine, Richard's sister Joan, the widowed Queen of Sicily, and Berengaria of Navarre, to whom he was betrothed, accompanied him in a ship of their own.

> "They loved each other dear,
> And lived as birds in cage,"

sang a poet of their day; and it was very lucky for them that they were such good friends, for the journey to Palestine, under the banner of such a fighter as Richard, was no easy pleasure-trip for women. Fierce storms scattered the fleet, and for some days the different ships did not know which of their companions had escaped the angry waves. When at last the sea calmed down, Richard found the Princesses' ship in safe harbour at Limasol in Cyprus; but, unluckily for himself, the Emperor of the Island, a Greek named Isaac, had treated them very roughly and unkindly in refusing to let them land, though they were ill and unhappy after the storm. Richard landed at once in great anger;



Barbarossa rests and waits for the call of his country



defeated the Cypriots; put Isaac in chains of silver (because he was an Emperor); took a large sum of money from him; and gave him into the hand of Guy de Lusignan, and his daughter to be Sybil's maid-in-waiting. He did all these things with the speed of lightning, as his custom was; and he had conquered the Island before all the inhabitants even knew that he had come. It was certainly not safe to cross the Lion's path! Richard's conquest of Cyprus made Philip of France very angry, for he expected Richard to share it with him; to which Richard replied that he had taken it alone, and he would keep it alone.

At Cyprus, Guy de Lusignan met King Richard, who, filled with pity for the misfortunes of the fallen King of Jerusalem, gave him a handsome share of his booty, and the title of King of Cyprus. And in the strong Castle of Limasol, Richard was married to Berengaria of Navarre. The room in which the marriage took place is still to be seen, the great walls being fifteen feet thick. Richard was dressed very richly, as became the royal bridegroom and the conqueror. He wore rose-colour, covered with crescents of pure silver, and a scarlet hat embroidered with birds and beasts. His red saddle shone with gold, and the high peak at the back showed the Lions of England in gold; while his sword-hilt and his long spurs were of solid gold. He was a fine man, this English Richard of ours,

whom we love to look back on and to remember. "He was tall of stature, graceful in figure," wrote one of his followers, who knew him well, and evidently loved him well, too; "his hair between red and auburn, his limbs were straight, his arms not to be matched for wielding the sword, or for striking with it; while his appearance was commanding." "He had the valour of Hector, he was gifted with the eloquence of Nestor, and the prudence of Ulysses"; (which is only rather a long way of saying that he was perfect!). "A man who never knew defeat, impatient of an injury, and impelled to assert his rights, though all he did was marked by an inborn nobleness of mind." "He was far superior to all others in strength, and notable for prowess in battles, and his mighty deeds outshone the most brilliant description we could give of them."

Such was our Richard Cœur-de-Lion, the greatest man of the West, eagerly pressing forward through storms and fighting and delay to Palestine; there to meet Saladin, the greatest man of the East.

From Cyprus Richard pressed onward, till he came to Acre, which King Philip of France and his Crusaders were besieging. But there was so much idleness and carelessness and quarrelling in the camp, that they had made very little way against the city, which was well defended and

provisioned. "The chiefs envy one another and strive for place," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, who came with Richard; "the poor folk are in want, and find no one to help them. In the camp there is neither order, cleanliness, faith, nor charity—a state of things which I call God to witness I would never have believed had I not seen it."

The Crusaders had suffered almost as much in the siege of Acre as the city itself; for Saladin and his army lay behind their lines, and prevented their getting in food from the country, while the storms often kept the little ships from landing corn and other things. It was much worse during the winter, of course; the Crusaders were starving, and sickness was abroad in the camp, brought on by hunger and weakness, as much as by bad food and the cold. A sack of corn cost a hundred pieces of gold, one egg was six deniers, horses were killed and eaten, and even those that died from sickness or age were used for food. Men ate grass like cattle, and picked at the bones left by the camp dogs in the road. Even the Knights could not always keep from stealing food, they were so hungry; and beans were sold by number and not by weight. Some of the soldiers—but not many—even deserted to Saladin, who received them very kindly, and gave them food and warm clothing, and sent them to Damascus. Those who stayed

on, and fought and suffered and were hungry, were the better men; but hunger and cold break a man's pride, and make him do things that are mean and wretched.

But with the coming of Richard things changed, so great was his fame. The Crusaders, who had grown very tired of the long useless siege, now burned to prove their metal to the mocking Saracens. "Now let the will of God be done!" they cried joyfully when Richard landed, tall and glowing in his armour, his heavy battle-axe shining in his hand, "for the hope of all rests upon King Richard!"

These words only made the jealous French King more vexed and jealous still. Like all small-minded men, he had not enough fame to be able to spare any of it to another. But Richard was ill when he landed, of the fever that troubled him during all his time in Palestine. From his bed he gave orders that forts, and war-engines called petrariæ, should be prepared, for casting huge stones against the city walls, but he himself could not stand. The jealous King of France was glad of his illness, "for now," he said, "is the time to prove my own skill in war! I will attack Acre and take it while Richard is thus laid aside. Why should all the glory be to him?"

Richard heard in the camp outside the sounds of preparation for the attack; and when he knew what was being planned, he sent to Philip, warning

him to wait till he himself was able to join him, or at least until the rest of the English fleet should arrive from Cyprus. Philip refused, and the attack failed miserably; whereupon the King of France took to his bed ill and angry—or, no doubt, ill from anger at having failed, and made himself look so foolish before the Christian host. All this time King Richard, "whose fever was getting worse, lay on his bed fretting sorely when he saw the Saracens challenging our men, whilst his sickness prevented him from attacking them. For the constant onsets of the enemy gave him more trouble than the fiery pains of his fever."

As soon as the two Kings were both well, they set hard to work to replace the siege-engines which had been destroyed in Philip's foolish attack. Richard's engines were very much feared by the Saracens, for they did more harm than the others. "When a single stone from one great engine killed twelve men, the Saracens sent the stone to Saladin to see; and the messengers who carried it said that 'that devil the King of England' had brought with him a great store of such terrible stones, which either broke to pieces or ground into powder whatever they fell upon." The Templars and the Hospitallers each had an engine, and the Saracens were very much afraid of the Hospitallers' petraria, too, for it never seemed to fail of its aim. Philip built one which he called "Bad Neighbour"

(meaning that it was a bad neighbour to the city); and the Saracens quickly built one to meet it, which they mockingly named "Bad Kinsman."

In spite of all these terrible engines, and the constant attacks of the Crusaders, Acre was a very hard city to take; it was very strong in its position and defences, and it was garrisoned by the pick of the Saracen troops, who were now well tried in war. In fact, it held out for about two years, though the Crusaders pressed it hard, and all Saladin's attempt to help the city were prevented. At last, starved and despairing, the Saracen garrison asked for terms, with Saladin's consent. The Christian Kings said that Saladin must give back the wood of the True Cross, which he had taken at the Battle of Hattin; set free fifteen hundred Christian captives whom he held; give up Acre; and ransom the garrison for twenty thousand pieces of gold. They on their part promised to spare the lives of all who were in the city. Saladin agreed to these terms, for he could not help himself; but as he did not pay the ransom up to time—perhaps with him, too, as with the Christian army, gold was scarce—the Crusaders put to death all the Saracens in Acre; there were about five thousand of them. We need not believe that Richard was so very willing to allow this horrid deed to be done; but in his time all Saracens were looked upon as "the enemies of God," and

therefore as not fit to live. Richard wrote of this massacre of prisoners sadly enough, as we may think. "Thus, as in duty bound," he says, "we put them to death." Saladin was stung to hot anger by this cruel act, and replied by putting to death some thousands of his Christian prisoners. It was certainly rather hard on the poor prisoners on either side, but then no one seems to have given a thought to them; they were just like cards in a game, to be used as the players thought best.

The Crusaders had been fighting constantly amongst themselves all the time of the siege. Philip was jealous of Richard, and Richard's temper was hot and quick; the Knights and soldiers of both Kings, of course, were no better friends than their masters. No sooner had Acre fallen, than Philip gave out that he was going back to France. He was ill, he said; but the Crusaders, who knew that Richard had suffered far more than Philip from fever, believed that he was jealous rather than ill. Philip asked Richard to let him have two ships, and the generous Lion-Heart let him have them at once; he also left any of his men who wished to remain, under the command of Leopold, Duke of Austria; and made Richard many solemn promises not to enter or to trouble his dominions in any way as long as he remained in Palestine. So King Philip turned his back upon the Crusade, and departed;

"and instead of blessings, he received wishes of misfortune from all"; for all men agreed with Richard when he said of Philip, "He does against the Will of God, and the eternal dishonour of his Kingdom, so shamelessly fail in his vow."

Left to himself, Richard did his best to pull his men together, and to give them back some of the Crusading spirit which they seemed to have lost so easily. He sent Guy de Lusignan to try and recover some faint-hearted men who had deserted to Acre, where they knew they would find ease and plenty of food; and when Guy's weak ways failed to persuade them to return, the Lion-Heart himself set off in hot haste, and by his fiery force and his stern words he fairly shamed a number of the wretches into following him meekly back to camp.

Directly Richard could move his army he marched down the coast towards Jaffa, on his way to Jerusalem; using the old road by the sea that the Romans had made, when they ruled in Palestine all those hundreds of years ago. In the midst of the host was a covered car in which was carefully borne the Standard of the Cross. At night, when the men lay down to sleep, heralds would pass between the lines crying aloud, "Help! Help! for Holy Sepulchre!" to remind them of their vows. When the soldiers heard the heralds' cry they awoke, and wept, and prayed to God to help them in the fight. That was no easy march through the hot

sun of September, troubled all the time by the enemy, who were "like mountain-torrents rushing down upon them from the heights," stung by poisonous insects and by scorpions and snakes, which lay hidden under stones or lurked in the dry grass.

Richard defeated Saladin in the great battle of Arsuf, in which over seven thousand Saracens were left dead upon the field. It was perhaps the most splendid of all Richard's battles in Palestine, as it was his completest victory, and it was fought in the breathless heat of a September day in the plains. Richard, "who was very skilful in military matters," had divided his army into five parts, giving the Templars the first place, which was always theirs, and which was, of course, the place of honour; next came Richard's own men of Anjou; then his men from Poitou under Guy de Lusignan; then the English and Normans with the Royal Standard; and last of all the Knights Hospitallers. Richard ordered the battle so that the Saracens were faced wherever they might turn; one body of the Crusaders was between them and the sea, another guarded the mountain ways; and the whole army marched on "at a gentle pace" so as to keep well together.

Suddenly, with noise and shouting, Saladin's advance-guard of ten thousand men burst upon the Crusader's rear, "hurling darts and arrows, and

making a terrible din with their cries." These were followed by a body of men "very black in colour"; and then came the Bedouins, "a people light of foot and most eager for battle"; while behind them all the main Saracen army, twenty thousand strong, "on steeds swifter than eagles, thundered down upon us, till the whirling dust blackened the very air." The two armies were locked in battle almost before they knew it. The Saracens, just by the weight of their numbers, forced an opening in the Crusading ranks; but those behind held well together, and met them with a fury equal to their own, marching backwards so that their faces were towards the enemy. The Crusaders' horses suffered, "being pierced through and through with arrows and darts"; and every man seemed to bear his wound as well.

All the time the Saracens were pressing hard upon the rear of the army, which was formed by the Hospitallers, who at last sent word to Richard that they could bear up no longer, unless their Knights were allowed to charge. But Richard forbade it, for he did not think the time had yet come. So the Hospitallers held on, bearing the hardest part of that day's fight, in having to obey an order that they saw no use for, and doing nothing. By now the Saracens were so close to them that their heavy maces rang upon the Crusaders' armour, and hand to hand fights were going

on all the time. At last the Grand Master of the Hospitallers himself rode up to Richard, and said, "Lord King, we are grievously beset, and are likely to be branded with eternal shame as men who dare not strike in their own defence. Each one of us is losing his horse for nothing, and why should we put up with it any longer?"

Richard only answered, "My good Master, it must needs be borne, for none can be everywhere."

The Grand Master returned to his place, to find the Saracens pressing on, and dealing death amongst his men, "while there was no chief or count who did not blush for very shame that he might not strike a blow back." At last two of the Knights Hospitallers swung round, and calling out, "St. George! St. George!" they turned upon the Saracens. Eagerly the whole of the Hospitallers turned at that well-known battle-cry, and body after body of horse turned with them, until the whole line was thundering down upon the Saracens in one of the finest and fiercest cavalry charges the world has ever seen. Who can describe the surprise and the horror of the Saracens when the men whom they had counted as cowards, and half-dead, turned upon them in this furious way! Richard had meant all along to make just such a wild charge as this, when the time came; the Hospitallers had forced him to make it earlier; but he was not the man to be outdone by a sur-

prise. Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed right through the Hospitallers to their head, and led that grand charge himself.

Still for a time the battle wavered. Both armies were composed of brave and tried soldiers, who would fight to the very end; and now one side held the day, and now the other. Richard had said to the Master of the Hospitallers earlier in the day, "No man can be everywhere," but he himself seemed to be in all places at once. Urging on the horse he had brought from Cyprus, until it was as madly excited as himself, he was now chasing the Saracens up the narrow hill-passes, now in the front, now in the rear; "helmets clinked as the enemy fell before him, and sparks leapt out from the battery of his sword." At last the Saracens seemed to have been driven off; and the weary Crusaders set to work to pitch their tent outside the town of Arsuf. But while they were in the very middle of doing this, a great mass of Saracens fell upon them from behind. Out dashed Richard, calling to his men, and with only fifteen companions he flung himself upon the foe. His great shout, three times repeated, "God and the Holy Sepulchre aid us!" brought the rest of the army rushing pell-mell after him; the Saracens wavered, broke, and gave way before the terrible Lion-Heart, and fled back headlong to the woods of Arsuf from which they had just come.

Richard had won the day. Many brave men

had fallen on both sides; and the Crusaders especially mourned for the loss of one splendid Knight, Sir James d'Avesnes, whose dead body was found on the field, lying in a circle of fifteen Saracens, who had all been slain by his mighty sword.

If Richard had followed up the Battle of Arsuf, he might have even reached Jerusalem and taken it, before Saladin had time to collect another army to stop him. But Richard did not know how strong his hand had been. His name, since Acre and Arsuf, had become a real terror to the Saracens, so that they fled at the very sound of it. In vain did Saladin rebuke his men. "Are these the deeds of my brave troops?" he said. "Where is that prowess which they promised to put forth against the Christians, to overthrow them utterly? Lo! these Christians cover the whole Country at their pleasure! It is a disgrace to our nation, the most warlike in the world!"

The Saracen chiefs listened to his words in deep shame, with heads bent down; and at last one of them spoke.

"Most sacred Sultan," he said, "saving your Majesty, this charge is unjust, for we fought with all our strength against the Franks and did our best to destroy them, but it was of no use. And further, there is one among them greater than any man we have ever seen; he always charges before the rest, slaying and destroying our men; he is

the first in everything, and is a most brave and excellent soldier. No one can resist him, or escape from his hands. Such a King as he seems born to command the whole earth!"

It was not only the Saracen soldiers who feared the Lion-Heart's name. "What then! do you see King Richard?" the rider would exclaim to a frightened horse; while the Saracen mothers hushed their children with the words, "If you cry, King Richard will hear you, and he will come and take you!"

The Saracens were always hoping that some lucky chance would give King Richard into their hands, for they knew that if they once got hold of him, the whole Crusade would fall to pieces at once. Richard was no easy man to trap, however; but once the Saracens came upon him as he lay asleep under some trees, and they would certainly have caught him if one of his Knights, called Sir William de Preaux, had not cried out in Arabic, "I am the King!" Hearing this, the Saracens turned from pursuing Richard and seized hold of de Preaux, while the King and the rest got safely away. De Preaux remained a prisoner for many months, but he was well treated; and Richard did not forget him, but before he left the Holy Land he gave a large ransom for him, and set him free.

Richard had all the rashness and pride of courage that goes with great strength of body. Alone, he

would gallop up to the front ranks of the enemy, waving that great battle-axe of his round his head, and daring any or all of them to single combat; then, scornfully turning his back upon them, as if he despised them for not answering to his call, he would ride slowly back to his own lines, while the Saracens simply dared not accept his challenge. Or he would ride out with a small following, and return to camp rich in plunder, with ten or twenty Saracen heads fastened to the saddles, after the savage custom of those days. He would rush hot-headed into the greatest dangers, while his Knights and soldiers held their breath in very fear for his safety, and come out untouched, laughing at their fears. "There was never a man like him, nor one whom the enemy feared so much, who destroyed so many Saracens single-handed."

Richard was a good leader as well as a brave and strong fighter. He could put heart into his men, no matter what dangers and troubles they had to face; they would have followed him anywhere. But his fiery temper, and his proud and masterful ways, made the lesser chiefs of the Crusade dislike him very much, and all the more because they were afraid to cross his will in any way; while in his heart each one thought himself at least as good as the King of England. Richard saw quite well that these silly quarrels were killing all their hopes of success. He tried more than once to bring

back old friendships. "Our differences of opinion may be not only useless, but dangerous to the army," he said in Council to the other Princes. And then for a little while things would go smoothly in the camp, until some outburst of temper from Richard himself, or some fresh piece of trickery in another, made the whole quarrel blaze up again. When Leopold of Austria had the impudence to strike his banner into the ground beside the Lions of England, Richard, burning with rage, tore it up and trampled it under foot. That was before Philip of France left Palestine, and he smoothed the trouble over with soft words; but Leopold never forgave the insult to his flag.

Little by little the Crusading army fell away. Numbers died from sickness, wounds, and fever; and many of the chiefs got tired of the affair and went home, taking their men with them. Only Richard seemed to have heart for everything, no matter what troubles and perils lay before him in the road to Jerusalem; but even he could not conquer single-handed. He did his best; he built and repaired castles and fortresses, fought small fierce encounters with the enemy almost every day, and held his own English and Norman troops together with an iron hand. All the while he was pressing on nearer to Jerusalem; and so great was the terror of his name, that even Saladin could not keep his men quite in hand. Thousands of the

Saracens fled from the City, and even soldiers deserted, when they heard that Richard had only to pass the steep rocky hills that lie between Jaffa and the Holy City to be upon them. It was at this time, when one good blow would have given Jerusalem into the Crusaders' hands, that Leopold of Austria said that he was ill, and went home; putting his own private grudge against Richard before the good of the Crusade, and his own vows as a Crusader. With Leopold went so many of the French, Austrian, and Burgundian soldiers, that Richard had hardly any left beside his own men. It was really the jealousy of Leopold of Austria that saved Jerusalem to the Saracens.

On the 12th of June Richard set out at earliest dawn to surprise a large body of Saracens who, so his own spies had brought him word, were lying in wait at the Fountain of Emmaus to surprise him. It was just the sort of mischievous and dangerous expedition that Richard's very soul delighted in. He caught them unawares, killed twenty, and captured Saladin's herald—a person of some importance—as well as much spoil. "The rest of the Saracens he pursued over the mountains, routing and slaying them, until, after piercing one of the enemy, and casting him dying from his horse, he looked up and beheld in the distance the City of Jerusalem." Raising his shield before his eyes, he cried aloud, "Ah, fair Lord God! since I may not

save Thy Holy City, let me not even see it!" Then turning his horse's head he rode swiftly away, followed by his wondering escort. The hilltop from which Richard saw Jerusalem is one lying to the north of the City; its Bible name is Mizpah; but the Crusaders called it Mount Joy, because it was often from here that they got their first sight of Jerusalem. They built a Church there which they called St. Samuel's, and which is still in use as a mosque; the place to-day is called Nebi Samweel (Prophet Samuel).

After this great disappointment, Richard fell back on Jaffa, meaning to take ship there for England, where Philip of France, and Richard's own traitor brother John, were working every kind of mischief in his absence. But there was fighting to be done first. Saladin, with a great army, suddenly swept down upon the seaside city and took it; and Richard, who was making a last hasty visit to Acre, was sent for with all speed, and came back to find the Saracens plundering Jaffa, and the Christian garrison shut up in the citadel, too weak and too few in number to stop them. Saracen banners waved upon the walls and towers, and the wild music of Saracen cymbals and trumpets floated out to sea. At first Richard thought that the town was altogether in their hands, even to the citadel itself, and it seemed of no use to land. But just then he saw a man fling himself into the sea from

the citadel, and begin to swim towards the ships as they waited. Very soon the bold swimmer was pulled up on board Richard's own ship; it was an all-red ship, the decks were covered with a red awning, and a broad red flag flew from it. The messenger from the citadel was a priest.

"Oh, noble King!" he said as soon as he had breath to speak with, "the people who are left hunger for your coming! They will perish on the spot, unless God helps them through you!"

"Perish the hindmost man in this!" shouted Richard; and the red ship set in hard for the shore. Over the side leapt Richard, waist-deep in the water, careless of the sharp hidden rocks and the uneven places that make the Jaffa shore so dangerous. One after the other his Knights and men splashed in after him, and in a breath they were all amongst the Saracens. These fell like heads of corn before the great sweep of Richard's battle-axe. He cleared for himself a path right through the city to the Templar's House. He flung himself up the outer stairway, alone, and a moment later the Banner of England was floating out from the top, run up by the King's own hand. At sight of that flag—which has been in all times the sign of safety and protection—the garrison with shouts of joy rushed out, adding their swords to the few already fighting round Richard. A few minutes more, and Jaffa was in Richard's hand.

Saladin sent his chamberlain at night to speak of peace with Richard. The Saracens found the King in a right merry mood, as he generally was after he had refreshed his soul in battle.

"Eh!" he said, "this Sultan of yours is mighty, and there is none greater or mightier than he in this land of Islam. Why, then, did he make off at my first appearance? I was not even armed or ready to fight; I am still wearing only the shoes I wore on board! Why, then, did you fly?" Then he burst out into open praise of Saladin, feeling for him the honour that one brave man will always feel for another. "But I thought he could not have taken Jaffa in two months, and yet he made himself master of it in two days! Greet the Sultan from me," he added to the chamberlain; "give him my greeting, and tell him that I beg him in God's Name to give me the peace I ask at his hands. There must be an end to all this. My country over the sea is in a bad way; I must go to it. There is no use to us or to you in letting things go on in this way."

Richard and Saladin made out conditions of peace through their messengers. "If you give me these two cities, Jaffa and Ascalon," said Richard, "the troops I leave there will be always at your service; and if you have any need of me, I will hasten to come to you and be at your service; and you know that I can help you." To this Saladin

returned answer: "Since you trust with such trust in me, I propose that we share the two cities; Jaffa and what is beyond it shall be yours, whilst Ascalon and what is beyond it shall be mine." But Richard said that he must have Ascalon, and he gave Saladin eight days in which to give it up to him; and as Saladin would not consent to this at all, the talk of peace fell through for that time. The Saracens were very angry because they had lost the rich plunder of Jaffa when Richard retook it, and Saladin saw that they would not fight well while their anger was still hot; but, on the other hand, it would be a shame to him to keep his great army in sight of the little Crusading one, and not strike one blow. There was one small fight, during which Richard, lance in hand, rode along the whole length of the Saracen army from right to left, and not one of them left the ranks to close with him. Then Saladin, angry and ashamed, moved his whole army to another place.

Soon after the recapture of Jaffa, Richard fell very ill again of Syrian fever, and the knightly Saladin refused to fight until he was well enough to take the field once more. The Sultan also sent Richard presents of ice and fruit, especially peaches and pears for which the sick King had a great longing, and very welcome they must have been to him in his burning fever. He sent his own doctor to attend him, for the Crusading doctors, or barber-surgeons as they were called, were very rough men

and little taught, and in any case they knew next to nothing about Syrian fevers.

Richard slowly recovered, and Saladin sent him a splendid Arab horse from his own stables. Richard, well-pleased, leaped upon its back at once to try its paces; whereupon the horse, turning a glad head that way, galloped swiftly towards the Saracen camp, its old home. The Crusaders rushed out with loud shouts of horror at seeing their King carried off at such speed towards the enemy's camp; but Richard was able to check its mad rush almost at once, and returned safely to his own place. The Crusaders swore that it was a trick of Saladin's to get hold of Richard's person, but the Lion-Heart knew well that no such meanness was ever in the mind of Saladin. Another time, Richard's horse was killed during a fight, and Saladin sent him straightway two of his best horses. "It were shame," he said by the messenger who brought the horses, "that so gallant a Knight and so noble a King should fight on foot." Richard took the gift in the same generous spirit that it was offered. He would have done the same himself for Saladin if he had had the chance. Saladin was a very open-handed Prince, it is clear; no wonder that his devoted friend and servant, Beha-ed-Din (who wrote his Life), should say of him in praise, that "no one could outstrip him in the matter of presents, his heart was so large, and his generosity so great."

Richard's fever grew worse, and the news that he had from England of all the bad things that John was doing there, gave him no rest. Most likely he would have held on to the end but for this; but as it was, he gave way to Saladin about Ascalon, and the treaty of peace was brought to him in his tent, where he lay ill, for him to sign. Richard said, "I am not strong enough to read it; but I solemnly declare that I will make peace; and here is my hand!" It showed how much he trusted to Saladin's honour, that he could take the treaty thus on faith. The next day the chief Crusading Knights, all fasting as the custom was, swore to keep the treaty of peace; but Richard said, "I will not take the oath, for it is not the custom for Kings to do so." So his word and his hand were Richard's bond; and Saladin was content with that, for he knew the English King.

So though Richard recovered, he and Saladin fought no more. Richard had very few men left by now to fight with, even if his own Kingdom had not needed him so badly. Saladin, too, was more ready for peace than for war, for he was suffering from the painful illness which had troubled him for years past, and which carried him to his grave within a few months of Richard's leaving. So these two great men were glad to agree to a peace for three years, on terms that were equally good for both sides.

"Tell your Sultan that I shall return to take Jerusalem from him!" Richard said to the Saracen Emirs. And Saladin sent back word, "If it pleases God to take Jerusalem out of my hand, there is none more worthy to hold it than King Richard."

Richard took ship for England, dressed as a Templar, and on one of the Templars' ships; but he did not get home for fourteen months. The jealous Duke of Austria had been longing for years for a chance of doing harm to Richard, and he waylaid him on his way through Europe, and imprisoned him. For many months no one could find any trace of him at all, but at last he was discovered in a distant castle; and then such a huge ransom was asked for him, that everyone in England had to be taxed heavily in order to raise it. But the English people gave willingly; and when at last Richard landed in England, the people crowded round him with loud cries of welcome and rejoicing, kissing his hands and his garments, and even the long cross-handled sword that had done such good work in the Holy Land.

"Look to yourself; the devil has broken loose again!" wrote Philip of France to his secret ally, John. And the black-hearted John, coward and craven that he was, being sorely afraid of the punishment he so richly deserved, hastened to kneel before Richard and make his peace. He brought his mother with him, to speak for him to Richard, for

he knew very well that he could hardly expect Richard to forgive such meanness and treachery as his had been; and he knew also that Richard would never refuse anything that his mother asked of him.

"Sire and my brother, forgive," he said.

Richard looked at him as he knelt, and half pitied him for his fears, half scorned him for his meanness and his treachery. Raising him, he answered, "John, I wish that I might as easily wipe out the harm you have done, as you will forget this my pardon!"

Richard never took the Cross again, though he always meant to do so; he was kept far too busy at home; and about six years later he was killed while laying siege to the castle of one of his own nobles, who he thought was hiding from him a great treasure, a part of which should have been his by right as King.

Splendid King Richard—*English* King Richard! His name and his fame and his great deeds belong to us still, and as we tell the story of them we shall always feel proud of our English Crusader.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE, 1212

"We are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so High and Good and Great?"
Hymn A. & M., 331.

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion left Palestine, it must have seemed to the people there that their last hope for the Holy Land had gone with him. He had not been able to recover Jerusalem, but he had done a good deal, for he had regained most of the seaports for the Christians; and though very little else remained of the Christian Kingdom beyond a narrow strip of coast-land, still that strip was a valuable one, and well worth having. He had also made Saladin agree that all pilgrims should have free and safe entry to the holy places. The two great Orders of the Hospitallers and the Templars remained in Palestine, to show that Christendom had even now some share in the Land of Christ. If they had only been friends and worked together, they might have done a great deal towards recovering the lost power of the Christian Kingdom, but they were

far too jealous of each other, and would only act alone.

A small Crusade went out from Germany soon after Richard's departure, expecting to reap where Richard of England had sown; but when they arrived they found that there was nothing for them to do, and they were not wanted in the least. The Land was quiet; the three years' truce made by Richard and Saladin was not yet over; and as the Christians needed peace so much to repair and to strengthen their places of defence, they refused to break the truce. In fact, they even talked of getting it renewed when the three years were out. The Germans did a little fighting here and there, and thereby broke the truce. They then went home, not much better either in honour or in pocket for this very foolish little Crusade.

As the truce had been broken, the Christians were very much afraid of being punished by the Saracens, and they sent many urgent messages to Europe for help. But help was not to be had for the asking in these days. Everything in Europe was in a state of turmoil. Richard's death, which happened suddenly, while fighting against a rebellious subject of his own, was followed by the shameful reign of John. France was in a state of trouble and unrest; and Germany had had enough of Crusades for the present. An army which called itself a Crusade did at last set out, but it never reached

Jerusalem; for it spent all its force in tearing Constantinople from the hands of the Greek Emperors, and setting up there a Latin Kingdom, that lasted for about fifty-seven years (1204–1261). Constantinople was a city of many and wonderful riches; it was easier to reach than Jerusalem; and while it was in the hands of Western rulers, men preferred to go there for what they could get, rather than make the long and difficult journey to Palestine. Perhaps they were beginning to think more of filling their pockets in the quickest and easiest way, than of adding honour to their country, or even to their own names. So it was that no one seemed to care very much what happened to poor Palestine; where, after all (men said), the Christians of the Kingdom had shown themselves to be rather a faint-hearted lot, and altogether too fond of making and breaking promises to be easy to help. In the old days the Crusaders had loved the Holy Land —but especially Jerusalem—so much, that they had not minded how much they suffered in order to help her; but now they hardly remembered her, she was so far away, and they were all so busy with their own affairs.

But out of all this carelessness and hardness of heart, there arose what was perhaps the most wonderful Crusade of all—that of the Children.

In 1212 a half-crazy priest, named Nicholas, was struck by a sudden idea, which he declared

was sent to him from Heaven; and he went through France and Germany preaching a Children's Crusade.

"Why have the other Crusades all failed?" he said. "Was it not because the men who joined them were not pure in heart and in thought? To you children it is given to set Jerusalem free! God calls you! He will most surely work miracles for you all along your way. The waters of the sea shall be dried up for you to pass over. The Saracens will flee in terror before you. And you, the pure in heart, shall see the City of God. Lo! it has been revealed to me that these things shall be!"

As Nicholas and his fellow-preachers went through the streets, talking in this wild way, the children everywhere left their games and their work to listen. The boys thought of all the delightful adventures by the way, the robbers and the pirates and the wild beasts they were to overcome; the girls thought of the miracles that would be worked for them, and of the strange new countries they would see, where the sun always shone, and the woods were full of wonderful new birds and flowers. How much better it would be to join this great adventure, than to stay at home, doing the same dull work day after day, until they were old and worn out! In vain the fathers and mothers begged and scolded, and threatened and punished; some

even put their children in prison to keep them safe. Somehow or other the children got away; and fifty thousand of them took the Cross, led by a boy of fifteen, named Stephen. Waving branches and crying, "We go to Jerusalem to deliver the Holy Sepulchre!" these poor children started joyfully upon their way. The German bands went to Genoa, the French to Marseilles. "Lord Jesus, give us back Thy Holy Cross," they sang as they went.

After these helpless little Crusaders there crept a dark stream of thieves, cut-throats, and bad people of all sorts, who robbed and murdered them without mercy. Many of the children died of the hardships of the journey, the long hours of trudging over rough ground, and wading through ice-cold streams, the heat by day and the cold by night. Many of them must have longed for the safe shelter of homes and mothers, as they huddled together, trembling and afraid, through the long dark night.

About seven thousand of them, however, reached Genoa. There the sight of the bright blue sea restored their courage and their hope. Day after day these poor, trustful children crowded down to the shore, expecting every moment to see the great waves of the Mediterranean roll slowly backward, to leave a dry road for their feet. But no miracle turned the course of the sea; and the

rough sailors and shippers in the harbour mocked the tears and disappointment of the Child Crusaders. Finally, some kind-hearted Genoese nobles took charge of a few children of good birth, to bring up in their own households; and more than one Genoese family of to-day counts its descent from these little Crusaders. The others sadly tried to make their way home again. Very few of them, if any, ever got back, and those were ragged, foot-sore, and wretched—children in spirit no longer.

Even sadder was the story of the French band. They made their way to Marseilles with great weariness and trouble, and they, too, expected that the sea would dry up before their feet. It did not; but after some days of waiting and hoping, two merchants who traded between France and the East, with seven good ships of their own, spoke to the children, and offered to take them to the Holy Land. Their names were Hugh Ferreus and William Porcus—names which sound less well turned into English as Iron Hugh and Pig William; but which were, without a doubt, quite good enough for such men as they turned out to be.

"We will take you," said these soft-spoken merchants, "not for money, but purely for the love of the Holy Land and your own goodness!"

"Oh, do you know our Lord's own Holy Land, good masters?" cried the Child Crusaders. And they made up their minds at once that this was

the way they were meant to go; not dry-shod through the sea, but in ships with these good men as their guides. Perhaps the miracles were to be worked only in the sight of the Saracens. With great joy and thankfulness did they accept this welcome and unlooked for offer. Carrying their banners, and raising their cry, "Lord Jesus, give us back Thy Holy Cross!" they crowded eagerly into the seven ships which were rocking at anchor in the Bay of Marseilles. Not many days after they had put out to sea a bad storm blew up, and two of the ships went down, and all on board were drowned. The other Child Crusaders mourned for the loss of their companions, who now would never share with them the wonderful triumphs that awaited them in their conquest of the Holy Land. The two merchants mourned, too, but for very different reasons. The remaining five ships, which were really less happy in their safety from the sea, arrived in good time at Alexandria, the great sea-port of Egypt.

Once in anchor there, the thoughts of the two merchants were made plain to the unhappy frightened children; for their trade was in stealing fair strong children from Europe, that they might sell them as slaves in Eastern markets. No tears, no prayers, could help the Child Crusaders now; those cruel men were hard as iron. The Sultan of Cairo bought forty of the strongest and best-grown boys



Louis flung himself overboard





ST. LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE, CROSSES THE SEA TO PALESTINE, AND IS KEPT IN A SARACEN PRISON

From an early 14th-century window in the Abbey of St. Denis, France.

to train up for service in his body-guard; and of these, twelve gallant little fellows refused to change their faith, and so were killed at once. No voice has ever reached us out of the darkness that hides the fate of the rest of the Child Crusaders. We only know that they passed through the horrors of the slave markets of Egypt, into the awful misery of life-long bondage.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST CRUSADES

"Faith,
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
Leaning upon his own good sword."

SCOTT.

WE are to think of the lovely land of Palestine as a shore to which the full tide, pouring in at its height, brought Crusades, both small and great, as well as stray companies of men from time to time. But now the tide was going out; real Crusades were very few, and the little companies of men were fewer still. In a few years more the tide would be out altogether, and then the Holy Land would be left to help herself as best she could; because men now cared only for what they could get out of her, and they seldom brought her anything, but came with empty, greedy hands that would be filled, no matter how. The people of Palestine were beginning to understand at last that no one cared any longer about Crusades, and all the trouble and hardships of them. Though there were here and there priests who preached them, and a few who were ready to

take the Cross, the Kingdoms of Europe were having to fight hard each one for its own place and safety among the nations, and every sword and every penny was wanted for that.

In 1216 Andrew, King of Hungary, led a small Crusade to the Holy Land, but he never reached Jerusalem, and nothing came of it except a few uncertain battles. Andrew himself left the Crusade early on, in order to take back to Hungary some ancient treasures he had got hold of; amongst these was what he quite believed to be one of the twelve waterpots of stone, in which the water was turned into wine at Cana of Galilee. The rest of the army, wandering into Egypt, suffered dreadfully from hunger, and were fed by the kind-hearted Sultan of that land, who was moved to tears by their pains, and for three weeks sent them three thousand loaves of bread every day.

Ten years later Frederick II of Germany led a well-armed force to Palestine. At Acre the Knights Hospitallers and the Templars joined him, and received him as their King in right of his wife, who was a daughter of the Prince who now bore the empty title of King of Jerusalem. Frederick made a treaty with the Saracens by which the Christians were to have the Holy City itself, the Saracens only keeping the Mosque, the old Temple Church of the Knights Templars, for their house of worship. But men were afraid either to follow

Frederick openly, or to stand apart from him. He had quarrelled with the Pope before leaving Europe, and they knew that if they sided with Frederick, the Pope would most likely excommunicate them with him; and if they went against Frederick too boldly he was strong enough to punish them. So between the two fears the Crusade of Frederick II of Germany got no support; and when he reached the Holy City he met with a very cold welcome. He went straight to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; it was empty. Frederick crowned himself in the sight of his own Knights and soldiers, for no one else was there; and there was no service of any sort, no prayers said, no vows taken. How Frederick and his following—soldiers all—must have despised the silly fear of the Pope of far-off Rome, that kept the priests and people of Jerusalem from going to the crowning of the man who had actually recovered Jerusalem for the Christians!

Not that Frederick cared for either one or the other. He had come to Jerusalem to show the Pope that he could do so, with or without his blessing. "I promised I would come," he said, "and I am here. But," he added, "I am not here to deliver the Holy City, but to keep up my own name!" Perhaps what gave him the most pleasure, was writing from Jerusalem to tell the Pope that, "by a miracle," he had got back the City of Christ for the Christians. It was really quite like a miracle to have recovered

Jerusalem, without having shed one drop of blood. The Pope was extremely angry at the thought of any miracle being worked for a man with whom he had had a quarrel, but not all his angry words could undo what Frederick had done.

Frederick left Jerusalem two days after he entered it. His Crusade and his coming had brought no real comfort to the Christians of Jerusalem. Though they had been given back the City, they lived in daily terror of being attacked by the Saracens, and they spent most of their time in flying to the Tower of David for safety. And sure enough, as soon as the ten years' truce made by Frederick was over, the Saracens from Kerak, beyond Jordan in the Land of Moab, marched suddenly upon Jerusalem, and took it from the Christians, who were far too frightened to resist. The Saracens also levelled to the ground the Tower of David, which had been for so many years the chief fortress of the City.

A small Crusade followed on this bad news, led by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, a son of King John, and nephew of the Lion-Heart. When the Saracens heard his name they thought that it was King Richard himself, who had come back from the grave to punish them, and they were filled with the wildest fears. But they need not have troubled themselves in the least, for Richard of Cornwall was a very different man from his uncle. The Templars and the Hospitallers both refused to help him in any

way; and Richard could only visit Jerusalem as a pilgrim, see the holy places, and return to England, having done nothing at all.

Worse days were in store for Jerusalem. A fierce Turkish tribe, called the Kharezmians, swept down upon the City, some twenty thousand of them; and at their approach all the Christians fled from their houses, for they had heard of the cruel and bloodthirsty ways of the invaders. They fled in haste, taking what they could carry with them, but thinking more of saving their lives than of their possessions; and the Kharezmians found only a few old and sick people who could not escape, and whom they murdered at once. They then set out to trick the Christians into returning, by hoisting Christian flags upon the walls.

The Christians, looking out from their hiding-places all around the City, saw the flags, and believed that some miracle had saved the City for them. "A miracle! Behold, a miracle! Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoice!" They hastened back in joy, mothers carrying their babies; little children trotting joyfully behind, happy in the thought of going home; men driving back the donkeys and mules, laden with the few things they had been able to carry out with them in their hasty flight. There was not a sign, not a sound, from the City to make them afraid, as they poured in through the gates, all rejoicing as

they made their way to their deserted homes. But presently the great gates of the City swung-to heavily; no escape was possible this time. And at nightfall the savage Kharezmians went from house to house, and simply butchered the unfortunate citizens whom they had tricked too well, all to this end.

Every Christian was hateful to these wild people; and they even broke open the coffins of Godfrey and the other Kings, and burnt the poor dead dust.

So great was the terror that these Kharezmians brought with them wherever they went, that the Christians and the Saracens joined together to turn them out of the Holy Land; but they were defeated in an awful battle near Jaffa, and thirty thousand Christian and Saracen soldiers fell that day. Of the Christians, only thirty-three Templars, twenty Hospitallers, and five Knights of a German Order, remained alive. Fortunately the Sultan of Egypt sent a large army against them soon after, and the Kharezmians were wiped out in ten bloody fights. They disappeared from the Land, and from history at the same time; and it is quite certain that the world has not missed them at all.

Out of all this darkness and unrest arose at last the Ninth Crusade—that of Louis IX, King of France, and Saint (1248).

This good King had a very bad illness, of which he so nearly died, that one of the two ladies who

were nursing him thought he really was dead; but the other one declared that he was not; and while they were arguing about it, the King suddenly came out of his faint, and in a weak voice commanded that the Cross should be brought to him, that he might take it to show his gratitude to God for having spared his life. This was done, and "when the Queen, his mother, heard that he had recovered his speech, she showed as much joy as could be; but when she was told by himself that he had taken the Cross, she displayed as much grief as if she had seen him dead." For she feared the long journey to the Holy Land, with all its dangers and hardships; and she feared also for the safety of France, during the many months that the King must be away.

But Louis, having taken the Cross, never rested until he had got together a large army; and they all took ship at Marseilles in August 1248. There were many of the bravest of the French Knights and nobles who took the Cross with the King, and amongst these was one whom he loved very much, and who was really the greatest friend he had in the world; and this Knight, the Sieur de Joinville, has written the story of the Crusade of St. Louis, which is one of the nicest books that ever were written. De Joinville tells us how they embarked, and how "the door of the vessel was opened, and the horses were led inside; then they fastened the door and closed it up tightly, because when the ship is at sea

the whole of the door is under water." Poor horses, they must have suffered a good deal in their dark, cramped stable, with the noise of the sea beating against the ship just near their heads all the time, and getting no light or air or exercise at all. But in those days, when men were often so cruel and hard to each other, I suppose they thought very little of the sufferings of animals. "When the horses were in, the captain of the ship called to his men, 'Are you all ready?' and when he knew they were, he called for the priests to come forward, and 'Chant in God's Name!' Then all together, led by the priest, they sang the Hymn, 'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire': the master cried to his men, 'Set sail in God's name!' And in a little time the wind struck the sails, and carried them out of sight, so that they saw nothing but sea and sky." There were some among the Crusaders who did not much enjoy the voyage, for de Joinville wrote, "When you fall asleep at night you know not but that ere the morning you may be at the bottom of the sea"; which is not a very happy thought to go to sleep on. Evidently the good Knight, though he was so gallant on shore, was not a very cheerful or willing sailor.

Louis reached Egypt after many adventures, and anchored before the city of Damietta. The Sultan of Egypt had had word of the coming of this great French Crusade, and his own forces were all drawn

up on the sea-shore. "Fine troops to look at," wrote de Joinville, "for the Sultan's arms are of gold, and the sun striking upon the gold made the arms shine forth brilliantly. The noise they made with their cymbals and Saracenic horns was frightful to hear."

Louis took counsel with his Knights: should they land and face this terrible enemy with the few troops they had, or wait until the main army joined them? Many of the Knights were for waiting; but in the end Louis settled the question by saying that he would land, because there was no good harbour near Damietta where he could shelter while he waited, and he was afraid of bad winds driving him further along the coast, or right out to sea, and so he might lose a good chance of battle.

On the day fixed, the French ships, or galleys as they were called, put in closer to shore, and when the word was given, the rowers bent to their oars, and the galleys flew along. Each gallant Knight and Baron was thirsting to be the first to land and meet the foe, who were waiting for them on shore, just as eager for the fight as the French were. De Joinville was one of the first to land, and just after his foot had touched shore, the Banner of St. Denis was landed. A Saracen horseman, as soon as he saw that, dashed into the midst of this landing-party, expecting that his companions would follow him, and they would capture the French flag at the

outset. But the rest shamefully held back,—perhaps they did not understand what he was doing,—and the gallant Saracen, fighting alone, was cut to pieces by the long French swords in a moment.

When King Louis saw that the Banner of St. Denis had been borne ashore, he flung himself overboard, though the sea just there was so deep that it came right up to his shoulders. Half swimming, half wading, he pushed forward, "his shield round his neck, his helmet on his head, and lance in hand, until he came up with his people who were on shore." As soon as he saw the Saracen lines he laid his lance in rest, and would have rushed upon them, but his Knights forcibly held him back.

Three times the Saracens had sent word to their Sultan by carrier-pigeons that the French King had landed with his host; and they were troubled and surprised at receiving no orders from him in reply. But the Sultan was dying, and knew nothing of the trouble of his soldiers; and word reached the men upon the shore that he was actually dead, and their hearts failed them, and they drew off. Then King Louis, whose way had been so marvellously cleared before him, called all his army together, and they all sang "with loud voices" and great joy the *Te Deum*. After this, Louis led his men forward, and pitched camp before the strong city of Damietta, which he knew he must take before he went any further.

After hard fighting the city was taken; but the

rising of the river Nile delayed him in Egypt for many months. During this time of idleness the waiting Crusaders fell into all kinds of trouble and mischief, quarrelling a great deal amongst themselves, both Knights and men. At last the river went down, and the army could leave Damietta, of which place they were all thoroughly tired by now. Louis had made the city very strong during the weeks of waiting, and now he left his Queen and her ladies there, with a strong force to guard them. He himself marched on Cairo. The country round was full of canals, or small waterways, by which the Egyptian peasants watered their fields; and the French, who did not know the country, got mixed up among these canals and were separated from each other. All the time, wherever they went, they were followed by bands of Egyptian Saracens, ready to catch and kill any of them who happened to fall behind.

When Louis saw how the whole army was delayed and troubled by these canals, he set his men to build a bridge over the Nile, by which they and the heavy waggons could cross quickly and safely; but while they were working, his brother found a shallow place which they could ford. The Prince thought that this was a splendid chance to win honour for himself; and without waiting for the main army to come up, he hurried across the river with about two thousand men, and attacked the strong city beyond, called Mansourah. It was

really well garrisoned, but the Saracens all hid when they saw the French coming, and so the Crusaders thought they had run away. They did not trouble to look carefully first, but broke ranks, and spread all over the city in search of plunder. Suddenly the Saracens showed themselves on the roofs of the houses, which in the East are made flat, and covered over with stones like a terrace; and with yells and wild cries they hurled down great stones upon the Crusaders, who were all crowded together in the narrow winding streets below. At the same time other Saracen soldiers rushed out of their different hiding-places, and attacked them on all sides. The Prince himself, and many of the chief French Knights were killed, and all would have perished if Louis had not arrived just in time to save the day. As it was, the Crusaders had lost many more brave men than they could spare; and while their defeat had left them heavy of heart and disappointed, it had encouraged the Saracens very much indeed.

The Crusaders held Mansourah; but the Saracens pressed them close on every side, and they suffered very much from sickness and hunger. Louis himself fell ill, and seemed about to die; but from his sick-bed he gave orders that the sick and wounded should be taken to Damietta to be healed there. As the ships, crowded with sick and helpless men, were setting off, the Saracens made a sudden onset,

seized the ships, dragged all the sick upon deck to be killed, and threw them into the river, without caring whether they were really dead or only very badly hurt. At the same time, a second large Saracen force attacked the Crusading camp on shore, overcame the French army, and captured the sick King himself.

The Saracens asked a very large ransom for Louis, and threatened him with torture if it were not paid in full. They also asked for one hundred and fifty thousand livres as the ransom of the whole army. Louis at once agreed to this; at which the Sultan of Egypt was much surprised, and said, "By my faith, the Frenchman is generous and liberal, not to bargain about so large a sum! Go, tell him from me, that for my part I will forgive him one hundred thousand livres of the ransom."

As soon as Louis' own ransom was paid—the Templars giving a good part of it—the French King went to Acre in Palestine; but his army was too small by now to be much more than a guard. Out of the two thousand eight hundred Knights he had led so proudly from France, only one hundred of those who were still alive said that they would stay on with him, to share his good or evil fortune; and with those who returned home went many of the soldiers as well. With the little force that remained faithful to him, King Louis did all



THE FAMOUS CITY OF ACRE, SEEN FROM THE SEA

From a photograph.

that he could to repair and strengthen some of the cities of Palestine. He also bought with his own money, and set free, twelve hundred Christians, whom the Saracens had made slaves. At last, seeing that he could do no more, he returned to France; where he received a mighty welcome from his people.

For sixteen years Louis remained in France; and during the whole of that time he wore the Cross, and only longed for the day to come when he would be free once more to lead a Crusade to the Holy Land. At last the chance came to him. His wise and good government had made France so strong and peaceful, that he was able to leave her with a quiet mind. Once more he turned his face towards the East; and with him went the young Prince Edward of England, afterwards Edward I, who was eager to use his sword in the service of the Holy Sepulchre, and to win, if he might, some such honour in Palestine as the great King Richard had won there, a hundred years before.

The French and English armies set sail at different times, having agreed to meet in Palestine. On the way Louis landed at Carthage, a strong city in Africa belonging to the Saracens, meaning to take both it and the province of Carthage from the Sultan of Egypt, who owned it. But here the good King was struck down by the great heat, (it was August, which is a burning month), and

he lay sick unto death in his tent. Knowing that death was very near, Louis asked his Knights to lift him out of his bed, and lay him upon the ground. His dying thoughts turned with sadness and affection to Jerusalem, whose freedom he must leave to other hands to win. "O God, I will enter Thy House—I will worship in Thy holy place!" he said; and repeating over and over again the word "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" King Louis died (1470).

The English army that Edward brought to this Crusade was a very small one. There were only a thousand men all told, but the Templars and the Hospitallers joined him in Palestine, and the spirit of the warlike Prince was in them all. With him came his young wife, Eleanor of Castile, whose courage was equal to his own, though her strength of body might not be.

This eager little army reached Palestine safely, though not till after King Louis' death; and so swift and successful were the attacks of Edward that the Saracens were filled with fear and anger. It was a large army of Egyptian Saracens, under their Sultan, Bibars, against which this gallant little army set itself; though the wise heads in the Prince's train were sure that it was worse than useless to try to stand before such a force. Edward laughed all such unworthy fears and counsels to scorn, for he knew what English soldiers could do. "If all other

Christians go away, yet will I and Fowyn, my groom, remain!" he said. And he drove Bibars out of Acre, and then beat him soundly in a hard-fought battle at Nazareth. Bibars, who had never been defeated so often or so badly in all his years of warfare, fell back in a very black temper before the Prince; and really it was a little hard upon him, for he was in the habit of conquering in most places, and he liked to carve his name and his many great titles upon the different castles he captured from the Christians, adding after his name the proud words, "Father of victory and Pillar of the faith."

Bibars, being obliged to give way before this small but terrible army from a little Island over the sea, fell into a great rage, and suggested to the Old Man of the Mountains of that day, that it would be a very good thing to get Edward out of the way. The Old Man thought so, too, and accordingly he sent one of his Assassins to murder him. The Assassin persuaded Edward's Knights to let him into the Prince's tent, by pretending that he wished to become a Christian, and had many questions to ask Edward about his faith; and then, while they were talking, he suddenly sprang upon Edward like a tiger, and aimed a dagger at his side. Edward quickly bent to one side, so that the dagger struck him on the arm instead, and snatching up a small wooden stool

from the floor he knocked the Assassin down. His servants heard the noise of the scuffle, and came rushing in to his help, and a Knight named Latimer killed the Assassin before he could rise from the ground. But then the wound in the Prince's arm turned black, and everyone was afraid that the dagger had been poisoned; and the Master of the Templars and all the doctors shook their heads, and said that the flesh must be cut out all round, or the Prince would surely die.

Eleanor cried out at this, thinking of the pain he would have to bear; for the doctors in those days were not proper doctors at all, but often just rough, strong-handed men, called barber-surgeons, who, most likely, killed many more people by their ignorance than they cured by their skill—or by luck. After every battle the barber-surgeons went amongst the wounded to look to their hurts, and they would cut this one, and probe that one, until the air was full of the screams of the unfortunate soldiers. Probably they suffered far more under the doctors' hands than in the battle itself. So it was little wonder that Eleanor begged them not to cut the wounded Prince. But Edward's brother, Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, said bluntly, "Madame, it is better that you should cry than that all England should weep!" And Edward thrust out his arm. "Cut, and spare not," he said; "I can bear it." Turning to his favourite

Knight, Sir John de Vesci, he added, "Take the Princess away, for it is not fit for her to see." So the Knight carried poor Eleanor out of the tent, she struggling and crying all the time. The doctors cut away with all their might and skill, and Eleanor nursed the Prince back to health when they had done with him.

Sickness and fighting had thinned the ranks of the little English Crusade so much that Edward had to give up all thoughts of marching on Jerusalem, though it was very bitter to the proud spirits of himself and his men to turn back from the great thing they had set out to do. It was just at this time, moreover, that he heard of the death of his father, Henry III, which made it necessary that he should return to England, and quickly. For things were going badly at home. King Henry had let slide a great deal that should have been taken up, and England needed the strong hand of Edward I to guide her.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LOSS OF ACRE

"The earth quakes and trembles because the King of Heaven hath lost His Land whereon His Feet once stood."

St. Bernard.

In spite of the constant fighting that had been going on in Palestine for so many years, the Christians there had increased in number, and there were now many more than there had been in the days of the earlier Crusades. As long as Saladin was alive there was safety and protection for men of all creeds, as a general rule; but after his death, in 1193, life became very much harder for the Christians. They had few rights, and those few were not always respected by the Saracen rulers, who, on their part, distrusted the Christians; for they knew that they were always longing for the old Christian Kingdom to be set up again, and that they would do anything they could to get help from Europe to bring about that end. To Christian eyes the state of Palestine seemed very sad indeed. There is a letter from an English Knight Hospitaller, Sir Joseph de Cancy, or de Chancy, to Edward I, written in

May 1281, which tells us how things were at that date.

"Never in our remembrance," he wrote, "was the Holy Land in such poor estate as it is at this day, wasted by lack of rain, by divers (different) pestilences, and the paynim (he means the Saracens). . . . And now, Sire, the Holy Land was never so easy of conquest as now, with able generals and store of food; yet never have we seen so few soldiers or so little good counsel in it: . . . And would to God, Sire, that this might be done by yourself. And this is the belief of all dwellers in the Holy Land, both great and small, that by you with the help of God, shall the Holy Land be conquered and brought into the hands of Holy Christendom."

No doubt he hoped that King Edward would lead out a powerful Crusade, and do what he had been unable to do in the earlier days when he had joined St. Louis. But Edward I could not leave England now that he was King, and in his answer to Sir Joseph he told him so.

A few cities and castles still belonged to the Christians, and they were in the hands of either the Knights Hospitallers or the Knights Templars. Let us look at one or two of them, and get some idea of how these old Crusaders built in Palestine to guard their position there.

The stronghold called Pilgrim Castle, (which is now known as Athlit), was built by the Templars

in 1192, and a great part of it remains to-day; and though in many places it has fallen into ruin, there is still enough of it left standing to give shelter to the peasants in that district, who live in the great Banquetting-hall of the Knights. It was the most strongly fortified of all the places ever held by the Christians. "It stands in the deep sea, and is fenced with walls, outworks, and such strong barbicans and towers, that the whole world ought not to be able to take it." So wrote a monk, who saw it just eleven years before the Saracens took it. It had two great towers, each a hundred feet high; it could take a garrison of four thousand men; and the two walls were forty feet and fifteen feet in depth. Pilgrim Castle to-day is one of the finest Crusading ruins left in the Land. It stands partly on a small plain which is rather higher than the country all round it, and partly on rocks pushing out into the sea, so that from the great watch-tower the Templars could see out over both land and sea, for many miles on all sides, as well as across to the Bay of Acre and the Hospitallers' city of St. Jean d'Acre. The castle plain was entered by two narrow gateways cut out of the rock, which were so narrow that only one man could pass through at a time, leading his horse. Unfortunately these passages were made broader a few years ago, to let a royal visitor's carriage and three horses abreast go through;

and every one who sees the place now wishes that the Turkish Government had not been quite so polite, but had let their visitor walk through like other people. But at least you can still see on one side the hollow place cut out of the stone, where the sentry found shelter from the sun and from the rain, while he stood on guard.

The city of Acre belonged for some time to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to whose Order it was given by our King Richard, and so it is nearly always called St. Jean d'Acre in old books of history or travel. It was the chief of the cities remaining in Christian hands, and its position on the sea, holding the Bay of Acre, made it the strongest of the Christian possessions, as it was at one time the richest, too. The city was three-cornered in shape like a shield; two sides faced the sea, and the third overlooked the plain. There were many castles and citadels in it belonging to the Templars and the Hospitallers, and the walls were so broad that two carts could easily pass each other driving along on the top. The Crusaders always built these great, deep walls, and the city of Tyre when they held it had three such walls, each one being a great height and twenty-five feet thick; and there were twelve strong towers as well. There was a good harbour at Acre, which the Knights guarded with very great care; and the plain on the

land side was very rich, and was carefully ploughed and planted so as to give food to the great city. It seemed as if such a strong city as Acre was, guarded by such famous Knights as the Templars and Hospitallers, could never be taken by any enemy.

But in 1291 the Sultan of Egypt led a mighty Saracen army against Acre, which he had quite made up his mind to take, and so to put an end for ever to the Christian power in Palestine. The other castles and strong places had fallen before him, one after the other; but both Saracens and Christians knew that the fate of Acre would be the fate of the Christian hold on Palestine.

The Saracens had brought with them huge siege-engines, made of cedar of Lebanon and of oak from Nazareth. From these they showered great rocks and logs into the city without stopping. The Templars twice advised that terms should be made with the Saracens, but the rest of the garrison cried out "Treason! treason!" at the very idea, and refused to listen. At last on May 4, 1291, which was the twenty-ninth day of the siege, a great body of Saracens was seen advancing to the attack; all were well armed, and carried big golden shields which caught the light of the bright May sunshine, and threw it back into the eyes of the anxious watchers on the city walls. All that day and the night that followed, the attack and defence were



They hurried to Constantinople



carried on furiously; and the Templars and the Hospitallers fought like giants and heroes upon their crumbling walls. At last the Saracens drew off for a time. Many lesser attacks followed during the next two weeks, and on the 18th of May the Christians sallied forth and attacked the Saracens; but they were driven back, and the Grand Masters of the Hospitallers and of the Templars were wounded. There were now only about a thousand Christian soldiers left in Acre; and the Templars took refuge in their great tower overlooking the sea. A violent storm of hail and rain suddenly broke over the city, as sometimes happens in Palestine, and during this the Saracens cut their way into the city. The Christians fought bravely from street to street, but they were driven back inch by inch. The Master of the Templars was killed at his post at one of the gates; the city was plundered from end to end; and many Christians were burnt alive in the Churches to which they had fled for safety.

Many of the ladies of Acre fled down to the seashore then, and offered their jewels to the boatmen; choosing rather to face the perils of the stormy Bay in little boats, than the Saracen victors who were beginning to pour into the city, excited, and thirsting for blood and treasure. While the storm howled and shrieked all round, and the cries

of death and of victory filled the streets, these frightened women, whose dainty feet had never touched rough places before, stood in the driving rain by the shore, on which the waves beat so furiously, and tried to bribe the boatmen with all their rich and shining store of jewels—chains of gold, and pearls, and rubies; these rough seamen might have all, if only they would take them away at once from the city of terror. The sea was tossing violently, and the boatmen were not willing to venture out upon it in their little boats, unless they were very well paid for it; and in the fears of these high-born women was a splendid chance for them to make hand over hand. While the ladies begged and pleaded, and the boatmen bargained and argued, one small ship actually went down before their eyes, and all on board were drowned. The sight of these poor people struggling and crying out in the water only made the boatmen less willing to put out to sea themselves; though death in the storm-tossed Bay seemed to the Christian ladies of Acre better than waiting on in the lost city behind them.

The Saracens were still pouring in over the ruined walls, killing everyone who crossed their path without mercy, and sixty thousand Christians of all ages were either killed, or sold into slavery. Blood ran like water, and the screams of the dying

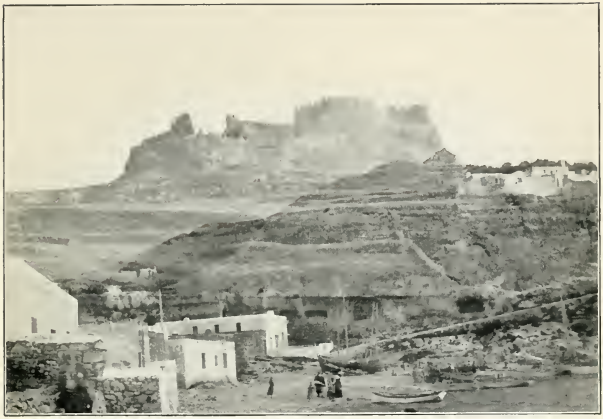
who were trampled under foot, and of hunted women and children as they fled in terror from their pursuers, were mixed with the loud shouts of the triumphant Saracens.

A number of the besieged Christians, and some Knights and ladies among them, had fled to the Templars' Tower for safety. Soon this was left like a rock in the midst of the sea; for the Saracens held the harbour and the city, a good part of which had been in flames. For a few days that lonely gallant Tower held out, but the Saracens were hard at work undermining it; and at last it fell with a terrific crash, shaking the ground like an earthquake, and every one who was in it—lady, and Knight, and Templar—was crushed to death in that tremendous fall.

It had been a terrible siege, lasting forty-three days; but the last Christian city of Palestine had made a splendid defence, worthy of the best days of the Kingdom. "After its loss all Christian women, poor and rich, who dwell on the shores of the Mediterranean, dress in black as mourning for Acre to this day." This is what a German pilgrim wrote, who visited the Holy Land in 1350, nearly sixty years after the siege.

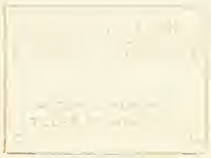
The fall of Acre ended every hope of the Christians again holding the Land in rule. What was the use of Crusades when the whole Land

would have to be reconquered from end to end; when the strong castles built by Christian hands would be turned to use against them by the Saracens? Europe, which had not cared to help while yet there was time, had now for ever lost the chance.



The Ruins of the great Castle of Rhodes

[*Photo: Underwood.*



CHAPTER XVII

THE TWO GREAT ORDERS

"Glory, glory, glory,
To those who have greatly suffered and done!
Never name in story
Was greater than that which ye shall have won."
SHELLEY.

ONLY seven of the Knights Hospitallers remained alive after the fall of Acre, and these managed to escape to Cyprus. Here their Grand Master, who was one of the seven, joined them; and, after a time, he called them together to talk over with him the sad state of their Great Order, and how they could restore its lost fortunes.

"My dear Brethren," he said, "Jerusalem is fallen, as you know, under the tyranny of the Saracens. A mighty power has forced us little by little out of the Holy Land. For more than an age past we have been obliged to fight as many battles as we have defended places. St. Jean d'Acre is the latest witness of our efforts, and almost all our Knights lie buried in the ruins of that once great and proud city. Brethren, it is for you to fill the places of those who have been thus lost to our

Order! It is the valour of you all that must bring about our return to the Holy Land. You hold in your hands the lives, not only of our Order, but of the vast number of fellow-Christians who groan in slavery under the Saracens."

One by one the Knights made answer solemnly that they were all ready to give their lives for the Holy Land, and that they only longed to meet their ancient foe once more in the open field, and to restore the Order to the proud position it had always held.

With this end ever in view, the Knights of St. John settled at Limasol, the town that Richard had taken a hundred years before, and where he had been married to Berengaria. They refortified it; and as the Order began to grow in strength and in numbers, they built Churches and hospitals in other places on the Island. In time, too, the Order built a good-sized fleet, which sailed about in the waters between Palestine and Europe, and worked hard and well in keeping down the pirates of Egypt and Barbary, and rescuing many Christians whom they were carrying off into slavery. Only once did the Knights of St. John have a chance of entering the Holy Land again, and you may be sure they caught at it eagerly. A Tartar Prince who was leading an army against the Saracens asked for Christian help in his attempt, and the Knights were only too glad to answer the call, for they

hoped that it would lead to their returning once more to Jerusalem, and living in the old House of the Order. But the Tartar expedition came to nothing in the end, and the Knights were disappointed of their hope.

When the Order had been in Cyprus for a little longer than a hundred years, the King of Cyprus of that time became so dreadfully jealous of its power that it became necessary for the Knights to leave the Island. They therefore took ship and sailed to the Island of Rhodes, which they stormed very valiantly, and so gained possession of it, together with the small islands lying near it. This was in the year 1310. The Knights built beautiful Houses here, as they had done in Cyprus; and planted and sowed, and made the Islands all much richer and more prosperous than they had ever been before. They were now often spoken of as the Knights of Rhodes, and their name was as great as it had been when they were the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Besides improving their new property, guarding the seas, helping pilgrims, and caring for the sick, the Knights had often to be at war; for while they held Rhodes they made it into a sort of gate of defence to Europe, and time after time they had to beat off the fierce attacks of Saracen armies, both Turkish and Egyptian. But, try as they might, none of these could ever pass the Knights of Rhodes. It was while they

were at Rhodes that the Order was divided into separate branches, called Langues, each nation having its own Langue, with its special officers and duties. These Langues are still kept up in Europe; England, Germany, and Austria each have one; and though they are so different in race and language, the members of these Langues count themselves Brethren all of the one great Order.

Less than a hundred years after the Knights had settled at Rhodes, the Order was almost wiped out of existence again by the Turkish Sultan Bajazet, who led a very great army against the Christians, and defeated them in several battles. In one battle the whole Christian army was either cut up or put to flight, and only the Knights of St. John and a few others made a stand; but the numbers of the Turks flowed over them like waves, and those who did not fall at once upon the field were killed the next day, to the number of at least ten thousand, by the victors. The Turks swept forward on their victorious way, took Athens, and besieged Constantinople. In his trouble the Greek Emperor of Constantinople was foolish enough to call in the help of a fierce Tartar chief called Tamerlane.

Tamerlane will always be remembered as one of the most bloodthirsty savages the world has ever seen. He had a favourite saying which shows what kind of man he was: "A King is never safe if the foot of his throne does not swim in

blood!" and he lived up to this entirely; for he was really not worthy to be called a soldier, but only a butcher. No one seemed able to stand against him. He invaded Russia and India, Syria, Armenia, and Asia Minor, not only because he cared for the riches of victory, but simply for the sheer love of killing, and of shedding blood; and wherever he passed he left his mark—a pyramid of human heads. When the Greek Emperor asked him to help, Tamerlane was quite delighted at the thought of fighting in new lands. He hurried to Constantinople, with eight hundred thousand men as savage and bloodthirsty as himself, sacking Aleppo and Bagdad on his way, and leaving his well-known mark upon Bagdad in the shape of a pyramid of ninety thousand heads set up amongst the smoking ruins of the destroyed city. Tamerlane and Bajazet met in a tremendous battle, in the midst of which some Tartar soldiers in Bajazet's army deserted to Tamerlane, and gave up the Sultan himself to his foe.

Having settled matters with Bajazet, Tamerlane began to look around with greedy eyes for fresh fields of victory and blood; and he attacked Smyrna, which was defended by the Knights Hospitallers. No defence, however brave, was of any use against such a monster as Tamerlane; the city fell, and Tamerlane put everyone he found in it still alive to a cruel death, whether they were already wounded or not,

and passed on, leaving the usual pyramid of heads to mark his triumph.

The Knights Hospitallers had learnt an awful lesson from Tamerlane, and they doubled their defences at Rhodes, making three lines of fortifications and thirteen large towers, with a deep moat all round. They also built a new castle about this time, which they called St. Peter's of the Freed; it was for the special use of all the Christian prisoners and slaves whom their ships were able to rescue from the Saracens. The Knights also trained their dogs to search for escaped Christian slaves, just as St. Bernard's are now trained to find travellers who are lost in the snow.

The Knights' fleet was always at work, chasing Turkish vessels in search of Christian slaves on board, and even boldly running into Turkish and other Saracen harbours to snatch these wretched people out of the very hands of their owners. In fact the Knights worried the Saracens so much in this way that the Sultan of Egypt tried to come to some agreement with them, by which they should let his ships alone. But the Knights knew how strong they were, and their terms were very hard ones. They were to be allowed to build a wall round the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; six Knights were to live in Jerusalem to look after the pilgrims, and that without paying taxes of any sort; all the holy places were to be open to the pilgrims;

and the Order was to be allowed to free all Christian slaves by simply paying the price given for them, or by giving a Moslem prisoner in exchange. The Knights also said that one Knight Hospitaller must be allowed to live in each of those towns in Palestine which were most often visited by the pilgrims, so that they could look after them as they passed through. No doubt the Saracens did not like these terms at all, for not very long afterwards the Sultan made a sudden attack on Cyprus, and the Knights at once hastened to help the Christians there. The Cypriots were defeated, however, and the Knights lost very heavily in numbers. After this, the Sultan of Egypt attacked Rhodes itself, out of revenge for the help that the Knights had given to Cyprus; but though he did a great deal of harm in a siege that lasted forty days, the Egyptian forces had to draw off at last.

In time there arose a great Turkish Sultan, Mahommed II, called the Conqueror. He swore that he would never rest until he had taken Rhodes from the Knights, and he prepared a vast army for its capture. He had a great number of cannon, which were then new in warfare, and which had been cast at Adrianople, (which was then the capital of the Turkish Empire), by a Bulgarian master-gunner. This man had offered his services first to the Emperor of Constantinople, who was so foolish as to refuse to have anything to do with the cannon,

partly because they were new, and partly because he was too miserly to pay the price asked for them; so the Bulgarian offered his work to the Sultan of Turkey. The warlike Mahommed was wise enough to see how well these might serve him, and all the more because the invention was new, and so his enemy would have no cannon to meet his own. He gave the Bulgarian whatever he asked for in the way of money and workmen; and with the help of these cannon, which were taken with great difficulty over the rough ways from Adrianople to Constantinople, he captured the City of the Emperors from the Greeks. After this great conquest there was nothing left to keep him out of Europe, except little Rhodes and the fearless men who held her.

The Knights worked hard day and night preparing for the siege; they broke down Churches and hospitals and houses, so that the Turks might have nowhere to take cover if they landed; they even destroyed the crops and fruit-trees, so that there might be nothing for them to eat. All the inhabitants of Rhodes took part in the work; even the nuns came out of their convents to work with their hands at the fortifications.

When at last the Turkish fleet of one hundred and sixty ships, and a hundred thousand men, appeared before Rhodes—and it was a gallant sight to see from the shore—the Knights were ready for

them. The Turks were led by a Greek, who had given up his faith and his country for the sake of the riches and power he got in the service of Mahommed the Conqueror; and the chief engineer was a German, who nearly succeeded in tricking the Knights to their fall. For he went to them secretly, and pretended that he had escaped from the Turkish army, and that he was a Christian, and only wanted to help his fellow-Christians against their enemies and his. Some of the Knights believed his story, and they all treated him kindly, until some of the older Knights, watching him carefully, found out that he was trying to send news to the Turks of the strength and the defences of Rhodes, and of the plans of the Knights. So he was seized at once, and rightly paid for his meanness and treachery with his life.

Time after time the Turks fiercely attacked the Island, and time after time the little army of the Knights beat them back. The Grand Master, Sir Peter d'Aubusson, was seen everywhere, leading, encouraging, and directing his men: they said in Rhodes that he never slept nor took off his armour, for though he would be the last to leave his post at night, the first rays of the rising sun would find him back again, all ready for the dangers of the day. The Turks almost gave up the attempt as useless. When they built a floating bridge from which to attack one of the forts, an English sailor called

Rogers swam boldly out and cut the ropes, so that it floated away in the wrong direction and was lost. At last, after three months' furious fighting, the Turks did give it up as hopeless, and sailed away. They had lost twenty-four thousand men in killed and wounded, and they had gained nothing. The people of Rhodes watched the sails of the Turkish ships disappearing over the horizon, and could hardly believe that the terrors of the siege were really over (1480).

Now, at last, the Knights could put off their battered and blood-stained armour, and crowd into the Churches to offer up their thanks and praise for this great deliverance.

Rhodes was saved for this time. But forty years later, after the death of the great Peter d'Aubusson, "the darling and delight of his Knights, the sword and buckler of Christendom," and another furious and determined siege gave the Island into the hands of the Turks. This was in the year 1523. "Nothing in the world has been so well lost as Rhodes!" said the Emperor Charles V of Spain, when he heard of its fall. The Knights, who had held Rhodes for two hundred and twenty years, were homeless and broken once more. Less than five thousand in number, they gathered in Crete; and by and bye, to show the honour he felt for their brave defence, Charles V gave them the Island of Malta.

The record of the Knights of Malta (as they were now called) was just as splendid as it had been in the Holy Land, in Cyprus, and in Rhodes. They enriched the Island with many beautiful buildings, as well as in its better crops and fruits. But the chief glory of the years the Knights spent in Malta is its siege by the Turks in 1565, which lasted for four months, and is one of the most famous sieges there have ever been; and the Grand Master, La Valette, who directed the defence, will never be forgotten. This is the story of the siege.

A great Turkish army was sent against the Island by the Sultan Sulieman the Magnificent: it was he who built the beautiful walls of Jerusalem that close her in to this day. The Turkish force consisted of a hundred and sixty ships and more than thirty thousand trained soldiers, with many great guns which did much harm to the forts of Malta. The Knights fastened a great chain right across the mouth of the harbour, so that the Turkish vessels could not get close in to the shore; but even so the attacks they made upon the Island were fierce, and never seemed to stop, whether by day or by night. Then the Turks managed to capture one of the chief forts, that of St. Elmo, and this was a terrible blow to the Knights, though they made a most splendid defence. The Knights who were holding this Fort had received the Holy Communion the night before, and by dawn they were all at their posts upon the half-ruined walls,

ready to a man to die there, but never to give in. For four hours the Turks rushed up against them in never-failing numbers; for though they, too, had lost heavily there were still so many of them that there were always fresh men to take the place of those who fell. But there were only sixty Knights left to hold the Fort, and they were all of them wounded and exhausted. Almost all of these sixty Knights fell in the last attack made by the Turks, but a few who were found alive were held to ransom; others were crucified, or hung up by the feet till they died in slow torture. Down came the Cross of St. John, and the crescent flag ran up in its place, amid the excited shouts of the victors. This sight was worse than death to La Valette, the Grand Master, and the Knights, as they looked on from the other forts, not daring to leave their own place to help their comrades. Even after St. Elmo had fallen, the Knights who were left in the other forts held out, and at last they beat off what remained of the great Turkish army. The Turks had lost heavily, for they were fearless fighters then as they are now, and they did not spare themselves any more than they regarded the lives of those whom they fought against.

And if that great army had suffered, what of the Knights? Malta lay in ruins, and nearly all the Knights were dead, but still they had kept it for the Cross. If they had not held it with such glorious

pluck, the story of Malta would have been what the story of Rhodes has been, since it was torn from the hands of the Knights of St. John. The capital of Malta is named Valetta after the brave Grand Master who saved the Island; and to this day the place is full of memories and traces of the great Order. In the Church of St. John are buried many of the Grand Masters and Knights; their coats-of-arms are carved over the doorways of old houses still in use; the skulls and bones of soldiers who fell in the Great Siege are still to be seen, stored up in a chapel; and in the Governor's Palace are treasured the arms and armour with which they did such good service, and the coats-of-arms of the Grand Masters almost from the beginning.

The Order of St. John remained on in Malta, building itself up after the siege. It was often at war with the Turks, who attacked the Island again and again; or with the pirates of the Mediterranean for the mastery of the sea. On this hung not only the safety of the Knights and their Island, but of Europe itself.

In 1792 the French Republic seized all the property of the Langue in France, and even beheaded many of the Knights, who the Republicans said were aristocrats; and six years later the great Napoleon himself went to Malta to put down the Order there. The Maltese sided with the French, and Napoleon took over the Island as part of the

French dominions, and gave the Knights three days in which to leave the place they had held so gallantly for nearly three hundred years. Napoleon then sailed back to France, taking with him everything in the way of treasures, jewels, relics, and historical records of the Order that he could lay hands upon, from the different Churches and Houses. Not very many things were saved from him that were of value, but the Knights had been able to paint over the beautiful silver gates in the Cathedral before he came, so that Napoleon did not guess what they were made of, and left them alone, thinking that they were of no real value. The gates are in their place to this day. But Napoleon had broken the power of the great Order of St. John of Jerusalem for ever. It was never again a Sovereign, or ruling, Order; and three months after Napoleon had spoiled it of its treasures, Nelson besieged and captured Malta, which has ever since belonged to the English Crown.

The Order has changed, of course, in many ways to suit the changes of the passing years, but it still lives, and is strong for good. A French writer has said of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, that "Of all the Orders which took birth during the Wars of the Holy Land, it is the only one which has been true to the spirit of its first foundation, and has continued ever since to defend religion."

In Jerusalem, at the present day, the English, German, and Austrian Langues are all at work. The English Langue has a wonderful Hospital for eye-diseases; and in the English Cathedral of St. George the Martyr there is a Chapel of the Order. The Germans have a Church and Hospice; and the Austrians a Hospital, working in the name of their Langues. In this way the double motto of the ancient Order is remembered and lived up to by all three:

"Pro Fide, pro utilitate Hominum,"

which means that its aim was the defence of the faith and the service of men. The Order has now gone back to the use of its old name, and its Members are no longer called the Knights of Rhodes or the Knights of Malta, but the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

The Order of St. John of Jerusalem is a link between our times and those wonderful days when the Knights Hospitallers gathered in their shining armour under the Standard of the Cross.

The Templars

The Knights of the Temple suffered as heavily in the siege of Acre as did the brother-Order of St. John; and after it was over the very few who were left escaped to Cyprus, which was their nearest

place of refuge. There they elected a new Grand Master in the place of one who had been killed in the siege. But when Palestine fell under the power of the Saracens once more, the whole purpose of the Order was gone, for now they were no longer wanted to defend the Temple or the Holy Land. The Temple was now the Mosque of the Saracens. The Holy Land was no longer in Christian hands; and the Templars are not strong enough even to try for its recovery alone. Nor were the people of Europe at all likely to help them. If the Order had broken up there and then, after the siege of Acre, its history would have closed in glory, as it had begun. But the Knights of the Temple were no longer the Poor Knights of Christ; they had about nine thousand Houses, rich and splendid buildings, scattered all through Europe; they were enormously rich; their Grand Masters were the friends and the tutors of Princes; and the pride of a Templar was fast becoming a common proverb amongst the people. One Grand Master of the Temple brought to Paris in his train one hundred and fifty thousand gold florins, and ten horseloads of silver. Few people would dare to meddle lightly with an Order that was so powerful and so rich, while the Knights themselves were quite strong enough to interfere as much as they wanted to in the affairs of other people. And they did interfere, too—far too much; so that in every

land men were beginning to hate the name and sight of the Templars almost as much as they feared them. The famous Temple in Paris was, of course, one of the Houses of the Order. It was used during the French Revolution as the prison of the little Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Later on it was destroyed by the people of Paris in one of their excited risings; and it was really just as well, for the memory of the cruel imprisonment of the little Dauphin, and of all his sufferings there, would have blackened its walls for ever.

In 1307—that is, only sixteen years after the fall of Acre—Philip IV, the Fair, of France, who was badly in need of money at the time, cast his eyes upon the Order. He saw its richness, its great Houses, its strength, and he coveted all three. But the Order of the Temple had always been under the special care of the Popes, and the man who would touch it must be very careful indeed. So Philip, knowing this, was wise enough first to make good his plans with the Pope, who had been born a French subject, and whom Philip himself had helped to become Pope. King and Pope agreed upon the horrid plot; and one night the Grand Master and sixty of the brethren were suddenly arrested. They were accused of the most terrible sins; of worshipping a hideous idol called Baphomet, which was made of skin, and had terrible glowing eyes of carbuncle; of being in league with devils;

and of roasting little children, and then smearing the fat upon their idols as a sacrifice to them. Some of the charges brought against the Templars seem to us now almost too silly to be believed by grown men and women, but in those days people were very ignorant, and they were easily made to believe what their priests and leaders told them.

Soon all Europe was howling out against the Order, and demanding that every Templar should be put to death. One hundred and thirty-eight Templars were examined and tortured; and under tortures so horrible that we can hardly bear to read about them even now, when so many centuries have passed, some of the Knights confessed to having done some of the wicked things of which they were accused. This was all that their enemies wanted. Later on, fifty-four of the Templars took back their words, and said how very sorry and ashamed they were at having uttered such words, even under torture; but this did not save them. Altogether, one hundred and thirteen Templars were burnt in Paris. A good deal of the property of the Order was given to the Hospitallers, so that it might not be said that Philip was a thief as well as a murderer. In Spain, Portugal, and Germany the Templars were also cruelly tortured, and their houses and riches were seized; but the Knights themselves were not put to death.

The last of the Templars who suffered death in Paris was the Grand Master, who had already

suffered so much in the torture of his Brethren of the Order. He was condemned to be burnt to death at a slow fire, so that he might have just as much pain to bear as it was possible to give him; and this cruel sentence was carried out in Paris, which had already seen so many dreadful things done to the Templars within her walls. A large crowd gathered to see him die. But before he died, the Grand Master solemnly declared that he and all his Order were perfectly innocent of the horrible charges upon which they had been done to death; and he said that the King of France and the Pope would very soon follow him into the other world, to answer before the Throne of God for their wicked and unjust dealings with the Order. Men remembered his dying words when it came to pass that both King Philip and the Pope died, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, within a very short time.

Having done all his own Templars to death in this horrible way, Philip then wrote to King Edward II of England, urging him to put down the Templars there; but for some time Edward refused to do anything against them. The Templars were very strong in England, and they had a good deal of property in different parts. Some of the Houses of the Order we can still find traces of in the names of the places where they were, such as Temple Hurst, Templecombe, Temple Rothley, Temple Newsom, and so on; and of course the

great Temple Church in London. Edward wrote many letters, saying that the Templars in England were good and upright men, who were honoured by all; and he begged the Pope to make a very careful and long inquiry, so that the Order might be cleared of the dreadful charges that had been brought against it, and which he felt sure were all untrue. The poor weak King was a good man in himself, and he did not want to do anything unjust to the Templars; but he knew in his heart of hearts that if the King of France and the Pope only went on worrying him long enough, he would have to give way in the end, simply because he was so weak that he could never hold to his own will and his own way, against the wishes of other people. He honestly tried his best to save the English Templars. Richard Lion-Heart would have settled the question very quickly, once and for all, with his sword, and not with his tongue or his pen! But the Pope wrote back at once to Edward, telling him that as a faithful son of the Church it was his duty to follow the pious example of the King of France, and to root out those wicked men, the Templars, from his land. He was also careful to add that all the property of the Templars was not to be touched, but must be kept in his, the Pope's, name until he had made up his mind what was to be done with it.

The weak King then gave way, and the English

Templars were arrested and brought to trial (1308). They firmly denied every charge that was brought against them of wicked dealings, worshipping idols, murdering children, and playing with black magic; but all the same they were made to suffer a cruel imprisonment for three years. Some of the Knights Templars were quite old men, who had fought bravely in the Holy Land, and had held high places with honour; but nothing saved them now from the wicked men who sought their lives—and even more, their wealth. During those three years they were brought to trial, put to torture, and then sent back to prison, bent and broken; and this happened not once but many times. At last they were dragged into St. Paul's Cathedral, and there made to say just what their enemies wished them to. Those who were yet alive were then set free. A large part of their great property fell to the Knights Hospitallers in England, as it had done in France. The Temple Church in London was given to that Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey.

The great Order was dead.

But the property of the Templars, which had been taken from them in such mean and unjust ways, brought no good fortune to the new owners. Aymer de Valence was murdered. The Duke of Lancaster, who next held the Temple Church, was

beheaded after an unsuccessful rebellion. Hugh le Despenser, the friend of Edward II, was hung, with a crown of stinging nettles bound in mockery upon his head. Edward the King himself, who had been too weak and too much afraid of other men's words to protect his own people, though he had not actually gained anything by the putting down of the Order in England, met with a violent and painful death at the hands of his subjects. It seemed to men who lived in those days, that every one of those who had worked against the Templars came to a terrible end. Were the Templars in the right then after all; and were those who had destroyed the great Order all quite wrong? For a short time the Hospitallers held the Temple property in London; but in the reign of Henry VII it passed into the possession of the Crown.

The Order was dead, but no one could ever forget it; people still talked of its great deeds in Palestine, and of the awful end of the Knights. Later on a legend sprang up, which many believed, that every year on the anniversary of the day on which the Order was put down, the heads of seven of the murdered Templars rose above their graves. The ghost of a Templar, wearing a long white mantle of the Order with its blood-red cross, came into the churchyard, and cried aloud three times, "Who shall now defend the Holy Temple? Who shall free the Sepulchre of the Lord?" And the

seven heads made sad and solemn answer: "Not one! For the Order of the Temple is destroyed!" The old legend at least shows that men were not altogether happy in their minds at the way in which the great Order had been swept off the face of the earth.

"With the Templars perished a world; chivalry, (or knighthood), the Crusades ended with them. A greedy trading spirit rose up. . . . The souls of men (were found) cold and incredulous."

CHAPTER XVIII

WHAT THE CRUSADERS DID

"What God opens must open be,
Though man pile the sand of the sea.

What God shuts is open no more,
Though man weary himself to find the door."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

IN the fall of Acre all the Western Christian power in the Holy Land was broken. The ruling power was Moslem, and the Christian subjects found that safety for them lay, not in numbers, but in living very quietly in those rough and restless days, and in keeping out of the way of notice as much as possible. Churches were rebuilt, however, in some of the cities—Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem—and Christian congregations grew up round them, holding to their faith, but without having any voice or share in the government of the Country, until they gave up wanting it. From the day when Saladin took the Holy City in 1187, right down through the eight hundred years, and more, that have passed, the Holy Land has been under Moslem rule. Some-

times it seems to us as if the Crusades were only like a great storm that swept over Palestine, and did nothing for her; but really they left such a deep mark on her that it can never be lost. And that at least is something for Westerns to remember.

And so our story of the Crusades is done. It is a story of striving and fighting, of gallant deeds and some very black ones; but on the whole it is a noble story, and one that we can be proud of. One or two points in it stand out so sharp and clear that we had better stop to look at them. The first is that the true Crusading spirit was a fine one, for it was a spirit of real love and self-sacrifice, and when that spirit died out of men, the life of the Crusades died with it, and the world was left much poorer and colder for its loss.

Again, one reason why the Crusaders, who did so much yet managed to keep so little, was that they were not really one at heart amongst themselves after the first. Each man was jealous of his neighbour; the Church was jealous of the Crown; the King of his Knights; one Order of the other; and there was not one of them that would stand loyally by the other, even in a time of danger. If the Christian Kingdom had only been true to itself, the attacks made from outside would not have been able to beat it down. It is the secret foe within the city that is the real danger, not the open enemy outside the gate.

The Crusades did a great deal of good both to Palestine and to Europe. They opened, as it were, a door between the East and the West, which has never been shut since; pilgrims, soldiers, and travellers, all passing to and fro between the two, made each part of the world better known to the other; and as travelling has gone on getting easier and quicker, so everyone has become more friendly, as they have grown to know each other better. The Crusaders brought into the Holy Land their own free ideas, their customs, and their language; and it was just because they believed so thoroughly in all their own ways, that they were able to press them upon Palestine so firmly that the mark has not been lost, and it never will be. Even to-day there are signs of Western blood in the people in some parts of Palestine; the dress of the women of Bethlehem is still very much like that worn by the ladies of the Crusading Kingdom; Western words have slipped into Arabic, and have become a part of the language, so that it has been forgotten how they first came in.

The Crusaders gained a good deal, too, in many ways from Palestine, and Europe gained through them. They brought back to their homes in the West the riches and the bright colours of the East; carpets and glass, and many little things which make a home comfortable and beautiful; as well as words that crept into their different languages, and stayed

there—perhaps in exchange for the ones they left behind in Arabic! And in all the Crusaders there was that fierce love of adventure that was the cause of their travelling East, and which took firm root in Europe, and led to the wonderful voyages of the old explorers like Christopher Columbus, and Marco Polo, and Vasco de Gama; and which still lives to-day in men like Nansen, and our own Captain Scott, the immortal hero of the white Antarctic. In many ways the Crusaders have helped both the East and the West to understand that, in spite of all the many ways in which they are happily unlike, they are yet not two different worlds, but the two halves of the same round globe. The Crusaders thought that as long as you were a Christian, it did not matter at all what sort of a Christian you were; and that everyone who was not a Christian was in some strange way "the enemy of God"; but we know a little better than that now. Still, on the other hand, we may very well learn from these Soldiers of the Cross that it is a fine and a good thing to have a very strong belief in our religion, and to be ready to fight for it, and to give up something for the sake of it.

It is often said of the Crusaders that they were rough, and cruel, and bloodthirsty, and unfaithful to their promises; and it is true; but they were a fine set of men in many ways. And in any case it is always better, whenever we can, to look at the

beautiful side of things and of people (when there is one). And we shall get into our minds a much better and truer picture of the Crusaders and of the work they have done for the Holy Land, and also for the world, if we remember first the good they did, and let the bad part come next. "Whatsoever things are true, and pure, and lovely, think on these things." I mean, that it is better for us to think of the goodness of Godfrey, the uprightness of Saladin, the courage of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, the unselfishness of Raymond of Tripoli, than of the meanness of Renaud de Chatillon, or the greed of the Patriarch Heraclius.

One other point we must remember—and we shall understand it better and better as we grow older—is that the Holy Land was never held for long by any Power, after that Power left off caring for it. It has been so all through history, even before the days of the Crusaders, and it will be so to the very end. Every country and every faith has poured out its treasure, in thought, and lives of men, and gold, upon Jerusalem; but no matter how great the treasure spent, how much the blood that was shed, none of them have ever been able to buy her for their own. This is because she belongs to all the world; in a wonderful and mysterious way that we can just see, but cannot understand; and one day the love and service of the nations will shine out as jewels in her crown.

"O City, sorrowful, yet full of grace!
The sinking sun adorns
With a celestial smile thine altered face
Beneath its crown of thorns.

The heavy storms of rage and sorrow beat
Around thy sacred heart:
Thou hast a deadly wound; yet strangely sweet
And beautiful thou art.

And thou hast drawn from all the colder lands
Beyond the northern sea,
Hearts burning for thy wrongs, and eager hands
To fight for God and thee."[1]

[1] "Death at the Goal."—B. M.

ARABIC WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE BROUGHT IN BY THE CRUSADERS

Admiral: a naval commander. From *Amir*, a chief.

Alcohol: pure spirit to drink. From *al-koh'l*, a fine powder.

Alcove: a recess in a room. Through the Spanish from the Arabic for vault.

Alembic: a vessel or vase used in chemistry. Through Greek and Arabic.

Algebra: a way of reckoning by signs or letters. Through Spanish and Arabic.

Alkali: something used in chemistry.

Amber: from the French and Arabic.

Arrack: a fiery drink made from palm juice, rice, and sugar. Ar., *araq*, juice.

Arsenal: a place for storing arms, &c. Ar. *dar sina'at*, workshop.

Artichoke: a vegetable.

Assassin: a murderer. Ar., *hashish*, a drug or drink made from hemp. The Assassins used to be excited with this before being sent out to kill their victims.

Azimuth: a term in astronomy. Ar., *al-sumut*, the direction.

Azure: blue. Ar., *azrak*, blue.

Caliph: Ar., successor. The successors of Mahommed were called Caliphs.

Carat: a weight used in goldsmiths' work. Ar., *qirat*, a bean used as a weight.

CHECK-MATE: is from *Sheikh mayect* (and in the Persian *Shah mât*), meaning "the chief is dead."

CHEMISTRY: from Khem, the ancient name for Egypt.

CIPHER: the 0 in arithmetic. Ar., *sifr*, empty.

CIVET: an animal of Africa, like a cat. From the Arabic through French.

COFFEE: Turkish, *qaveh*, and Ar., *qahweh* (wine).

COTTON: Ar., *qutun*.

CRIMSON: Old English and French, from Ar., *qermezun*, the insect from which the colour is made.

DRAGOMAN: a guide or interpreter in the East. Through Spanish and Ar., *tarjumaan*, an interpreter.

EMIR, or Amir: chief or ruler. Ar., *amir*, ruler.

FAKIR: a religious beggar, like the begging friars of the Middle Ages. Ar., *faqir*, a poor man.

FELUCCA: a small sea-vessel or boat. Ar., *fuluka*, a ship.

GAZELLE: a kind of small antelope. Ar., *ghazal*, a wild goat.

GIRAFFE: through French and Spanish from the Arabic name.

HUBBUB: Sudanese, *hooboob*, a sandstorm.

LUTE: a musical instrument. Ar., *al-'ud*.

MAGAZINE: a place for keeping military stores. Ar., *makhzan*.

MATTRESS: Ar., *matrah*, a place.

MINARET: a small tower or turret from which the Moslem hours of prayer are called. Ar., *manarat*, light-house (*nar*, fire).

MONSOON: a wind of the Indian Ocean that comes at certain times. Through Italian from Ar., *mawsim*, season.

NAKER: a kettledrum. Through French from Ar., *naqqara*, kettledrum.

SAFFRON: a yellow flower of the crocus kind. Ar., *safra*, yellow.

SENNA: dried leaves used as a medicine. Through French and Arabic.

SHERBET: a drink made from fruit juices. Ar., *sharbat*, a drink.

SHRUB: a drink made from lemon, currant, raspberry, &c. From the same Arabic word as Sherbet.

SIMOOM: a hot choking wind in the northern Arabian and African desert. Ar., *samm*, poison.

SIROCCO: east wind. Ar., *shark*, east.

SOFA: Ar., *saffa*, to sit in order.

SYRUP: from the same word as Sherbet and Shrub.

TALISMAN: a kind of charm, sometimes a pass-word. From the Ar., *tilsaman*, and through the Greek and German.

TALLY-HO: the hunting cry, is from the Ar., *ta'al hone*, come here.

TAMARIND: a fruit tree of the West Indies. Ar., *tamar-il-Hind*, the date of India.

TARIFF: a list of fees charged by a government upon things brought in from a foreign country. Ar., *taarif*, to know, to give information.

VIZIR: a Minister of State. From the Ar., *Wazir*, a bearer of burdens.

ZENITH: the point of the heavens which seems exactly overhead as you look up. Ar., *samt-el-ras*, the way of the head.

ZERO: 0, nothing, cipher. Ar., *sifr*.

MEANINGS OF CHRISTIAN NAMES

Alice: Noble cheer. A Teutonic name.
Amaury: Work-ruler. A Teutonic name.
Baldwin: Prince-friend. A Teutonic name.
Constance: Firm, faithful. A Latin name.
Edward: Rich guard. Anglo-Saxon name.
Frederic: Peace-ruler. A Teutonic name.
Fulke: Peoples' guard (like folk). A Teutonic name.
Godfrey: God's peace. A Teutonic name. Geoffrey comes from the same root.
Louis: Famous warrior. The Latin form of a Teutonic name.
Milicent: Strength in the Teutonic form; Sweet Singer in the Latin.
Raymond: Wise protection. A Teutonic name.
Renaud: Power of judgment. A Teutonic name. Reginald is one form of Renaud.
Richard: Stern King. A Teutonic name.
Saffadin (Seyf-el-Din): Sword of the faith.
Saladin (Saleh-el-Din): Splendour of the faith.
Tancred: Grateful speech. A Teutonic name.

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